WHO RUNS REAGAN, ANDERSON, KENNEDY AND CARTER

WHY *THE NEW YORK TIMES* CAN'T COVER WASHINGTON

The Washington Monthly

JULY/AUGUST 1980/$2

STRIKE IT RICH FOR SOCIALISM!

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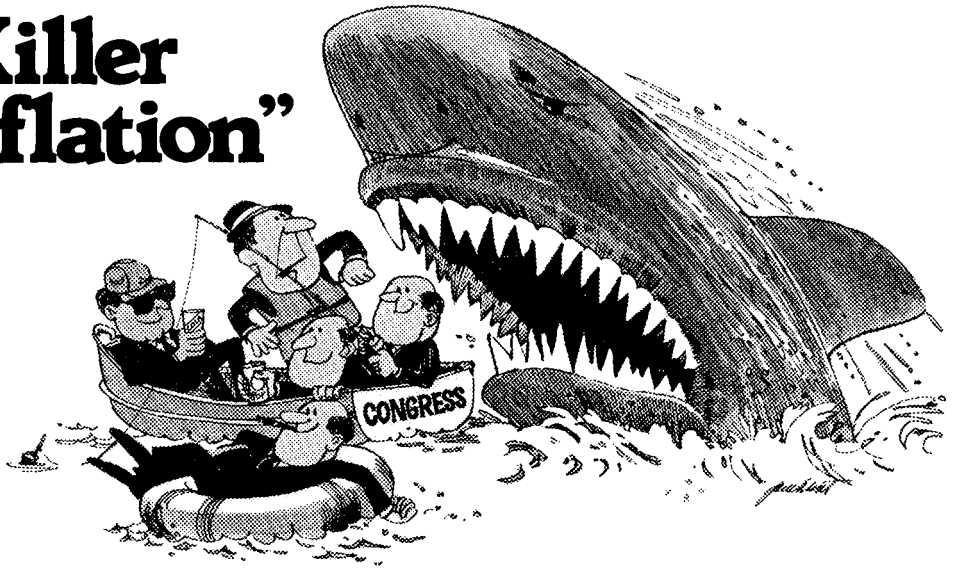
"Killer Inflation"



...halt it with courage and a plan.

In recent messages, we have said inflation will be cured when our leaders recognize—and admit—the true cause...more than two decades of fiscal irresponsibility. Most letters we received agreed, but asked that we be more specific.

These are the steps necessary to reduce inflation significantly and put this country on a sound economic footing again:

- An immediate 5 percent cut in fiscal year 1980 funds not already spent. The FY '80 deficit has increased more than 30 percent since the fiscal year began.
- A balanced budget for fiscal year 1981 accomplished *by reducing spending at least 5 percent—not by raising taxes.* The FY '81 budget is about $40 billion greater than the last one, and "budget balancing" has been achieved by means of the largest tax increases in history.
- Including the "untouchable" three-fourths of the budget called "entitlements" in spending cuts. Too many in Congress complain entitlements are beyond their control. Congress established the programs. Congress can and must take control of the costs.
- A reduction in personal and corporate taxes to stimulate the economy and encourage revitalization of American industry.
- Mandatory balanced budgets each year, beginning in 1981. At the end of two years, by means of systematic budget reductions, expenditures must be limited to 18 percent of Gross National Product. Taxes must be limited to the same 18 percent of GNP.

This program requires courage and commitment from the members of the Congress. It will not be popular because across-the-board budget cuts affect *all* government activities. But it *is* the way to halt the "killer inflation" which now plagues us. Amway Corporation, Ada, MI 49355.

Amway

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One of a series of messages to stimulate public dialogue about significant national issues.

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Letters

GAO

Regarding the comment in your article about the GAO [April] that "without GAO... *60 Minutes* would splutter into silence after half an hour," implying that *60 Minutes* uses GAO reports extensively as source material, you couldn't be more wrong. For example, of the most recent 115 stories we have broadcast (approximately one year's worth) only one was largely based on a GAO report, and that story was about the GAO itself and how it conducts its audits. In the last five years no more than five or six *60 Minutes* reports turned on a GAO audit, and even in those we did our own independent investigation.

If the GAO closed its doors tomorrow *60 Minutes* would hardly notice it.

PHILIP SCHEFFLER
New York, New York

The writer is the producer of 60 Minutes.

Consultants

As a Washington consultant, I thoroughly enjoyed Gregg Easterbrook's "The Art of Further Study" [May], yet I can not ethically bill my reading time to any government client or to the firm's overhead. And, I'll be damned if I'm going to charge it to my precious vacation time.

This letter, therefore, serves as the invoice for my services to your magazine:

CONTRACT: EASTERBROOK ARTICLE

Labor:	$150
—Reading, duplicating, and distributing—20 copies	
—Bullshitting with colleagues	
Time: 3 hours	
Fringe benefits, administrative costs, overhead etc.	$550
This letter	N/C
TOTAL	$700
Net 30	

After a second reading of the article (N/C), I've discovered several avenues for further research and analysis. Please contact me at your earliest convenience so that we can arrange a mutually beneficial business agreement.

LEX RICHARDSON
Washington, D.C.

Draft the Rich

After reading "Draft the Rich" [April] I had the thought that rather than concentrate on the rich we ought to require every congressional representative and senator who never served and whose children never served (e.g., John Stennis, Jamie Whitten, Lester Wolff, etc.) yet who now favor draft registration (along with the inevitable reinstitution of inductions next year) to be forced to serve in the armed forces. If they're too old and feeble to go then one of their children ought to be inducted, whatever their age. I like the idea so much that I'd include pro-draft editorial writers, columnists, television commentators and some of the White House gang like Eizenstat and Powell.

Fair is fair, isn't it?

MURRAY POLNER
Great Neck, New York

There is reason to suspect that our military problem goes far deeper than the need to draft more manpower. Indeed, the mere addition of numbers may contribute nothing.

America ended World War II with over ten million in uniform, yet only a few hundred thousand were ever in any danger from the enemy.

When we landed at Omaha Beach, the first waves included bulldozers and service troops intended to build beach installations. When met with machine gun fire, these troops became useless until infantry could be sorted out and sent beyond the beaches. When von Rundstedt's elements broke through in the Battle of the Bulge, the roads were clogged with fleeing service troops and expensive vehicles of every description.

Only one in ten soldiers is assigned to combat. Senator Proxmire has pointed out that we have more lieutenant colonels than second lieutenants, but we may also discover that we have as many sergeants as privates first class. One may suggest that our armed forces exist to perform a function beyond serving in wars.

There was a draft in effect during all of my terms in service. I noticed when visiting higher echelon commands that the enlisted men serving in those safe havens were always the best educated and contributed the least disciplinary problems. With the proliferation of higher headquarters, and because every field grade officer needs a coterie, this leaves little to the combat units.

KEITH W. BOSE
Kings Park, New York

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How Truman did it.
How Ford did not.

Photo: David Kennedy, White House Library

JOHN HERSEY

Aspects of the Presidency

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VOLUME TWELVE NUMBERS FIVE AND SIX
JULY/AUGUST 1980

TILTING AT WINDMILLS 4

No. Seriously. I Want You to Look at the Camera and Say: 'RIDE WITH ME, WYOMING!'
by Nicholas Lemann
Who runs Reagan, Anderson, Kennedy, and Carter? **8**

A Prize Idea
by James F. Hudson
Reward the invention, not the feasibility study. **17**

The Code The *Times* Can't Crack
by Harrison Salisbury
It's spelled W... A... S... H... I... N... G... T... **20**

Strike It Rich For Socialism!
by Robert M. Kaus
For one defender of the working man, virtue has special rewards. **30**

I Was Sitting In This Bar In Luxembourg...
by Jan Knippers Black
... and he said 'Let's go to Katanga.' **40**

You're Right, Chet. You're Right. And You're Fired.
by Harris Wofford
The story of a man with a fatal flaw. **46**

POLITICAL BOOKNOTES **59**

LETTERS **1**
MEMO OF THE MONTH **16**
POLITICAL PUZZLE **58**
TIDBITS & OUTRAGES **28**
WHERE TO STAY IN WASHINGTON **57**
WHO'S WHO **44**

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Tilting at windmills

The inside story of Zbig and the Passed-Up Pasta has just been revealed to me. When the National Security Adviser and his entourage were returning from Pakistan last winter, Jerrold Schecter, then Brzezinski's press secretary, announced a surprise stopover in Rome. It seems that a gala feast had been arranged at one of Rome's better restaurants, to which the entire party, press included, was invited. There was one condition: No one was to tell. But Bernard Gwertzman of *The New York Times* refused to sign the non-disclosure pact, and, a few hours later, Schecter announced that the stopover had been canceled—nothing to do with Gwertzman, of course, just a change in plans.

•

In different federal courtrooms, the U.S. government is offering some curiously different arguments. The part of the government called the Environmental Protection Agency is arguing that the chemical dioxin has been proven so deadly that all pesticides containing it should be banned. At the same time, according to Joanne Omang of *The Washington Post,* two other parts of the government, the Veterans Administration and the Department of Defense, are arguing that the same evidence is inconclusive....

If you had emerged on May 28 after having been suspended in a time capsule for the last 20 years or so, some headlines would have astonished you. Others would not. Among the latter was this one from *The New York Times*:

Teamster Aide Found Guilty of Stealing $1 Million from 2 Union Funds

While the headline might have been unsurprising, the story itself would have demonstrated the advances that had been made in the theories of criminal defense while you were away. Defense attorneys claimed that their client had not stolen the $1 million but had merely taken it as "advance salary."...

•

It is my conviction that older women will be increasingly prized. Who else will talk to you about something other than law school?... My last stand in the struggle to preserve some vestige of feminine grace is my proposal to outlaw the shoulder bag. These objects tend to make women tilt forward, and, depending on which shoulder supports the strap, either to the right or the left. The posture is that of a blocking guard clearing the way for a running back. And the result is that delight has disappeared from our sidewalks. Gone the soft, sensual, feline step. Now the shoulder down, the face scowling, the mind tormented by torts and contracts.... Or maybe they aren't scowling about law school. They may be outraged by what the National Zoo has done to Ling-Ling, the panda. In case you aren't up on the latest panda news, Ling-Ling and her male companion, Hsing-Hsing, have failed to produce offspring. This year zoo officials tried artificial insemination, prompting the following straight-from-the-shoulder-bag missive to *The Washington Post*: "The rights of this bear have been violated... she had the absolute right to refuse being mated... perhaps she doesn't want to be a mother." After all, she has her career to think about....

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Ordinarily I like to think of myself as supporting reform, but there is one currently sponsored by the FCC that I must oppose. It is the proposal to eliminate clear channel radio stations. If you have ever lived in rural America, you know the

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magic of a connection at night with faraway places like New Orleans. Or, if you're a baseball fan, as my friend Curtis Gans points out, you could always pick up the Cardinals on KMOX from St. Louis. . . .In the midst of a decline in real personal income, hotel and car rental rates are rising. Why? Most of the bills are charged to expense accounts, and most of them are eventually deducted from taxes, meaning that when you see those people in luxurious cars whizzing up to those tony hotels and wonder who is paying for it, the answer is you. . . .

One reason American business is in such bad shape is that it's becoming increasingly like the government. Top corporate executives are like generals and cabinet members. They hold office for just a few years, so that, like the general and the cabinet member, who also serve short terms, their interest is in short-term results. It won't be something *they* accomplish unless it can happen soon, so they tend to ignore policies and programs that promise payoff only in the long-term, even though that payoff—say from a much better product or a much more efficient plant—might be far more important than anything they can hope to achieve within their time in office. . . .

Did you realize that over nine million non-Jews died under the Nazis? According to "The Other Holocaust," a study sponsored by the Novak Report, they included 600,000 gypsies, 2,400,000 Poles, and over 3,000,000 Ukrainians. . . .

•

Eleven years ago, Thomas N. Bethell, now one of our editors, revealed in this magazine how Tony Boyle and his gang were using the United Mine Workers' ownership of The National Bank of Washington for their own benefit. That story and others that followed it helped get rid of Boyle and bring reform to the UMW. But now, we read once more in *The Baltimore Sun* that the current president of the UMW, Sam Church, Jr., is playing the same old game with the bank. . . .

•

The Washington Post's obituary section recently attributed a death to "cardiorespiratory arrest." That's like saying the death was due to dying. . . .

•

Switzerland has come up with an idea I hope will be adopted by American airports: charging higher landing fees for older, noisier planes to encourage airlines to phase them out. . . .

Speaking of planes, the FAA reports that the number of errors made by air traffic controllers has risen steadily since 1976. The FAA thinks this is because a provision in its contract with PATCO, the air traffic controllers' union, has been interpreted by an arbitrator to give air traffic controllers immunity from firing for any mistake they report. . . .

By the way, did you know that, according to *The Wall Street Journal,* three air traffic controllers who were caught sleeping on duty got off with letters of reprimand? . . .

In his new book, *The Wizard of Oz,* Osborne Elliott tells of a letter he wrote while he was editor of *Newsweek,* a letter that suggests the unconscious snobbery that is so common among journalists. "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Onassis," it began,

". . . It is my understanding that Prince Radziwill has informed you in general terms of *Newsweek*'s desire to publish a long, thoughtful article on the remarkable new life that you have made together, and the important role which you, as a couple, play on the current world scene.

". . . Accordingly, I have chosen to report and write the story—assuming that you agree—Mr. Arnaud de Borchgrave, a senior editor of *Newsweek* in whom I place implicit trust. (Mr. de Borchgrave, as you may know, is a former Royal Navy officer who renounced a Belgian title in order to become a U.S. citizen.) . . ."

Elsewhere in his book, Elliott again reveals his fascination with de Borchgrave's social credentials by referring to "our elegant and energetic foreign editor, Arnaud de Borchgrave—who had given up his Belgian title to become an American citizen," and adding in a footnote: "His

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full name and title: Arnaud Paul Charles Marie Philippe, Comte de Borchgrave d'Altena, Comte du Saint Empire, Baron d'Elderen, Seigneur de Vobelingen de Marlinne, et d'autres lieux." . . .

•

You probably thought we were exaggerating last month when we suggested that if President Carter loses in November an incoming president might be barred under a recent Supreme Court ruling from removing high-ranking officials like Zbigniew Brzezinski. But we are not exaggerating when we tell you that neither Reagan nor Anderson, if elected, will be able to remove many of the political appointees in the Department of Education, at least not for almost four months after he takes office. If you don't believe us, look up 20 U.S. Code, 3502(a). It protects all officials who transferred to the newly created department from other federal agencies from being fired for a full year after the department's official start-up in May of this year. . . .

This is the year not to worry about who is elected president. The actual performance of the government would differ little under Carter, Kennedy, Reagan, or Anderson. The reason is that most of what the government does is determined by the bureaucrats, the courts, and the lobbies. Until you change that fact, changing the identity of the occupant of the White House is not going to change very much.

•

NASA has given out a $300,000 contract to study ridding ourselves of nuclear wastes by firing them into orbit around the sun via the space shuttle. There was a story in *Time* about how this would solve all our problems. But what happens if the shuttle crashes, spreading plutonium to the four winds? Or assume the shuttle works to perfection. It might push a six-ton payload to escape velocity, but since there would have to be at least one pound of container for one pound of waste, you'd rid yourself of only about three tons per shot. Even the most optimistic NASA figures say the shuttle will cost $40 million a shot—so this system, excluding any problems or costs like the shielding, will cost at least $15 million a ton to get rid of waste. . . .

•

I hope the people who hand out the $20 billion provided by the energy development bill will read the article on prizes in this issue. I also hope they'll take a look at an article by Michael Silverstein in the May 27 issue of the *Boston Herald American*: It describes a solar system built in 1977 for the Christian Herter Center in Boston. The government paid 95 percent of the total cost and the system, except for a few weeks in 1979, has failed to function at all. The head of the Center told Silverstein that "we certainly would not have agreed to the project if we had to pay for it ourselves."

Silverstein concludes: "There have been many excellent solar projects paid for in part with public funds. Invariably, the thing that sets them apart from badly designed, disfunctional and overpriced installations is that the people who will end up living with the solar system have paid a hefty share of its cost. When the DOE contracts to pay the freight, no one seems to care what a system costs or how well it works." . . .

•

A couple of years ago I noted that Carter doesn't like to have people smarter than he is around him. Not long ago, I mentioned that observation to someone in a position to know and he said it is true not only of Carter but of Jordan and of people on down the line, so that by the time you approach the bottom, there are an awful lot of not very bright people on the White House staff. My source also confirmed another observation of mine—one that I had never reported because I had seen it only once in an off-the-record situation: that in White House meetings, Jody Powell often speaks for Jimmy Carter's mean, petty, and defensive side. Many bosses have this kind of assistant. He permits the boss to appear to be a wonderful fellow, serenely above the battle, while still making sure his real thoughts are injected into the meeting so that he

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can hear others' reactions to them. On some occasions, I am told, Gerald Rafshoon plays the same role, but is a bit more obvious about it than Powell. . . .

•

Here's another episode from that continuing farce known as the government of the District of Columbia. Recently a study was made of a sample of 150 files of children in the District's foster care program. According to *The Washington Star,* investigators found evidence of 30 cases of double payments for a single child, and—much worse—no indication in several files that the Department of Human Services has tried to find out if the child was alive or well. Audrey Rowe, commissioner of social services, says she is going to solve these problems with a "computerized total child care tracking system." We hope she doesn't use the same training program that taught city employees how to run the District's computerized financial management program. According to another story in *The Washington Star,* "employees were taught to use forms that were wrong and out-dated; instructors knew little about the materials and frequently couldn't answer questions. . . .

"One city employee said his instructor was employed at Woodward and Lothrop [a local department store] only the week before—demonstrating a machine that cut, minced, and mashed potatoes."

Pete Rozelle's argument against use of instant replays to check disputed decisions of the officials during NFL games is that hundreds of cameras would be needed to cover every angle of every play. But why can't the officials check what the present cameras show? It may not be clear, in which case it should be ignored. But if it is clear, and any television viewer knows that it often is, it should resolve the dispute. . . .

•

Speaking of sports, my friend Julian Scheer points out that big business may be becoming like the big leagues. Take Ian MacGregor, the new head of British Steel. MacGregor became another Bill Walton when the British agreed to compensate Lazard Freres, his New York firm, $4 million for his services. Next will come a trade—say Tom Murphy of General Motors for Harry Grey of United Technologies and a financial officer to be named later. . .

In a more serious vein, *The London Sunday Times* asked itself why someone could not have been found among the ranks of British executives. Here is its answer:

"There is another way in which Mr. MacGregor is instructive. He is, after all, a Scot who has flourished mightily in America. He has made a career there which he could not have made at home. The British environment is a peculiar one. It is warm towards the pedestrian achievements of the bureaucrat and the professional, with their security of tenure and their absence of risk. . . . Where it is strangely uneasy is with the high-flying manager, those people who combine leadership with imagination and flair to run the large businesses that provide an increasing proportion of our jobs and our national wealth.

"There is a cluster of reasons for this, an unsavory brew of bias, resentment, and class. In the prevailing climate it is all right for a lad to make a fortune as a pop star. . . . It is even acceptable, to minds attuned to scales of differentials, for senior managers to earn three or four times as much as the shop floor. But properly large rewards, let alone a degree of respect or admiration, for adventurous industrial leadership appear altogether offensive. Until that climate is changed, the higher reaches of industry will be thinly populated with talent. . . ."

We shouldn't be smug about this, for something very much like it has been happening in America. Our culture—at least its liberal branch—tends to characterize someone who goes into an urban planning consultantship as idealistic, while classifying the person who decides to be a building contractor as comparatively base. There is an assumption that businessmen are bad guys and that nonprofit is morally superior to profit. None of this tends to encourage the kind of entrepreneurship we need. . . .

—*Charles Peters*

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No. Seriously. I Want You to Look at the Camera and Say, 'RIDE WITH ME, WYOMING!'

by Nicholas Lemann

One fine almost-spring day in early March of this year, a clutch of reporters gathered outside a townhouse on Lafayette Square, just across the street from the White House. They were there for one of those events in a presidential campaign that is, in retrospect, of no importance, but seems absolutely crucial at the time. Inside the townhouse was Gerald Ford, who had come to Washington to meet with the men who would help him decide whether or not to enter the race.

One by one the men arrived, smiling and waving to the reporters, showing their credentials to the Secret Service agents at the door, not saying anything. Their names, for the record, were John Marsh, Robert Teeter, Stuart Spencer, Richard Cheney, Thomas Reed, Douglas Bailey, and John Deardourff—not household words. In fact, here was a man, Ford, who had been an elected official in the Republican Party from 1946 to 1977 and a loyal party man for all that time, deciding whether to seek his party's nomination by gathering around him a group that included only two people who had ever run for office (Marsh, formerly a fairly obscure congressman from Virginia, and Cheney, a first-term congressman from Wyoming).

Nicholas Lemann is a writer for The Washington Post *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly. *This article has been adapted and expanded from material prepared for a forthcoming book on the 1980 elections by the staff of* The Washington Post *to be published in January 1981 by Berkley and Putnam.*

The other members of the group were not political leaders. They controlled no votes and headed no constituencies. Most of them—Teeter, Spencer, Bailey, and Deardourff—were political consultants. They made their living by hiring themselves out to Republican campaigns. They were completely uninvolved in the processes of government. But they knew, presumably, how to persuade large numbers of people to vote for a political candidate, and thus were better able than anyone else in American politics—including all elected officials and heads of party organizations—to deliver votes. Ford was certainly better off talking to them than to anyone else who could be called a political boss, if indeed there is anybody left who can be called that.

By comparison, just 12 years ago Hubert Humphrey, a figure of eminence similar to Ford's, had joined the presidential race even later than Ford and won the nomination easily. "Humphrey had entered no primaries," Theodore H. White wrote at the time, ". . . but the AFL-CIO structures had delivered to him almost all of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Michigan, and Ohio; Democratic governors and mayors, who had found Humphrey the man in the Johnson administration most sensitive to their problems, could deliver hundreds more delegates from New Jersey to Washington."

By 1980, winning the nomination that way was out of the question. Not only that,

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all the people Humphrey called on were nearly useless to a presidential candidate. In 1976 Jimmy Carter won the Democratic nomination without any organized support, but when Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago endorsed him after it was clear he would be nominated, it was seen as official confirmation that Carter had it locked up. Four years later, Daley was dead and the mayor of Chicago, Jane Byrne, endorsed Edward Kennedy, who then lost the Illinois primary to Carter. Conversely, Mayor Edward Koch of New York endorsed Carter, who then lost the New York primary to Kennedy.

The way to win now is to go directly to the voters; and the people who understand how to do that are political consultants. They are the new bosses.

Political consultants make up a fairly small industry, consisting of perhaps a thousand people across the country, most of them upper-middle-class and well-educated. They come from all over but live, to a greater extent than the generation of bosses that preceded them, in a circumscribed world. They know each other. They gossip together, fight, get married, get divorced, compare notes on airport Holiday Inns, and seem oddly self-sufficient and disconnected from the real world that they end up changing.

They perform a wide variety of functions—mailing, filmmaking, polling, telephoning, writing, organizing, time-buying, strategizing—but to leave it at that is to mislead a little, because a simple process lies at the heart of their work. Political consultants start by taking public opinion polls to find out what is likely to motivate various groups of voters to pull the lever for their candidate. Then, based on the results, they design television advertising to appeal to the mass of voters; and for more specific appeals, they "target" segments of the market and reach them with specially designed pitches, often through the mail or by telephone. The whole mechanism is centered around the direct appeal to voters. Targeting, especially, has an effect exactly opposite to the old party system. Instead of bringing disparate people together by emphasizing their similarities, it breaks them apart and goes after them on the basis of their differences.

Political consultants are self-confident people who believe that through the techniques of research, targeting, and contact, they can persuade virtually anyone to do virtually anything. They see themselves as understanding better than anyone else the true rhythms and forces of our age. Sixty years ago, Sherwood Anderson, describing the boom days of the Ohio Valley in the late 19th century, wrote, "The youth and optimistic spirit of the country led it to take hold of the hand of the giant, industrialism, and lead him laughing into the land." The leaders of the political consulting business believe that industrialism is dead, and that the new giant that controls the nation is communications.

Let Me Restructure You

In harnessing the giant, it is considered more important to understand what the voters want than what the candidates are like, with the caveat that a presidential candidate cannot be successfully presented as something markedly different from what he really is. One of the elder statesmen of political consulting, Tony Schwartz, articulated the basic theory of the business better than anyone else in a book called *The Responsive Chord*. Schwartz (an eccentric man who lives a hermetic existence in a home and office in Hell's Kitchen in New York, surrounded by tapes, yelling at his secretary who retaliates by yelling at her poodle) argues that the point of political advertising is not to sell a candidate to voters but to appeal to feelings the voters already have, making them think the candidate fits those feelings. "I'm attaching to what's inside people," he says, "bringing it out, and restructuring it. I'm trying to connect candidates to *your* feelings."

On that theory, for instance, a New York adman named David Sawyer who was brought into the Kennedy presidential campaign this year in midstream realized that the voters had minimal fondness for Kennedy to which ads could attach. So he scrapped a campaign emphasizing Kennedy's positive aspects and started a successful new series of ads aimed at rapping President Carter. "We found what worked is if you don't say necessarily it was a positive vote for Kennedy," Sawyer said later. "He himself is not perceived as a leader capable of leading the American people. They wanted to say, 'Who's most

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qualified to lead?' For Christ's sake, don't raise the question that way. Your research tells you that you're constantly shifting to your weakest, weakest attribute."

In the John Anderson campaign, two direct mail consultants, Roger Craven and Tom Matthews (who also did a mailing for Kennedy that flopped) ran a successful fundraising campaign through the mails by attaching to affluent voters' feelings of personal alienation, in a way that managed to flatter them at the same time:

"You may be a well-informed, intelligent, courageous, fair-minded citizen, but you don't count.

"The reason they think you don't count is simple. They believe that presidential candidates are selected by fools, by citizens who believe lies, evasions, half-truths, and soft soap."

An Eagle in the Bush

George Bush hired a hot Republican adman from Baltimore named Robert Goodman, who decided that the responsive chord in the electorate was a desire for a glorious leader, so that was what he tried to make Bush into. He explained that he had decided that "I would reach into the heroism I felt in George. That became the word for me, heroism. I dubbed him the American eagle."

Goodman could have been a figure out of the nightmares of a member of the League of Women Voters or Common Cause. He is an unabashed and irrepressible master of the extremest techniques of political image-mongering. He got an English-bred New Yorker named Malcolm Wallop elected to the Senate from Wyoming via a series of ads showing cowboys saddling up and galloping across the range as an announcer said, "Ride with us, Wyoming." He had filmed Senator Harrison Schmitt, a former astronaut, walking around in a Western shirt as a voice-over told the voters of New Mexico, "He walks among the people. . . he speaks. . . he listens." He had put Senator Rudy Boschwitz in a plaid shirt in a Minnesota country store, looking up from chatting with the storekeeper and saying to the audience, "People like Arnie here need a friend in Washington. I really wanna be that friend."

For Bush, Goodman designed a jazzy series of ads that tried to capitalize on his man's experience while at the same time creating a somewhat forced air of excitement around him. In one ad (for which Goodman even hired actors to pose as Secret Service men to make Bush appear to be more of a big deal), as the crowds swirled around him and the music swelled in the background, Bush said he would move America "into a position of strength. We're gonna be strong, we're gonna lead, and we're gonna win!"

After the election, the political consultants will by and large go about other business, since government is not their concern. The political reporters who covered the campaign and who also play a major part in determining who is elected will direct their attention to important state races, party mini-conventions, and mayors' and governors' conferences; government doesn't interest them either. The programs and policies of the federal government will be run by people who have been almost entirely unconnected to the democratic exercise of the campaign. The resulting effect on government will be severe, as Jimmy Carter's first term shows well.

Carter took office without, as he liked to point out, owing anything to anybody. Nobody owed anything to him either. Having gone directly to the people to get elected, he has continued to go directly to the people when he is in trouble, through the old campaign technique of public opinion polling followed by appearances on television (which are now free, of course). If Ronald Reagan beats Carter, it's likely that he would behave similarly. Reagan hasn't had a razzle-dazzle ad campaign this year, but to draw the conclusion from that that he doesn't understand modern politics would be dead wrong. His entire career lies outside the realm of the party system; his rise has been through the mechanisms of television and celebrityhood and the direct appeal to voters. If Reagan is like Carter, he will have a great deal of trouble using the traditional mechanisms of politics that presidents once used to govern as well as to get elected—the members of Congress from his own party, the governors, the mayors, and the major interest groups. He will be hamstrung by single-issue groups. He won't have a coalition—or, to put it

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Goodman even hired actors to pose as Secret Service men, to make Bush appear to be more of a big deal.

more pointedly, he won't have a party in the traditional sense because the parties have died and been replaced by political consultants.

That's too bad. A working political party is a way of getting a majority of people to agree to make a common cause, to work out overall goals that transcend their many specific interests. Old-fashioned politics makes it possible to govern, but old-fashioned politics requires an elaborate series of deals made, jobs given, and coalitions formed that have become unnecessary with the rise to pre-eminence of television advertising in politics. It's often said that the main impact of advertising on politics has been in the increasing emphasis on candidates' images rather than the "real issues," but that's not strictly the case. Americans have elected presidents on the basis of image since the days of Andrew Jackson. The real change has been not in the *content* of politics but in its *form*. The consultants, through their direct appeal to targeted market segments, have eliminated the middleman—the party.

The background for the rise of the consultants was a series of demographic changes occurring mainly in the two decades following World War II. Then, in the ten years after that, some changes in the election and nominating laws and a few influential campaigns brought the communications specialists to their present status.

Most of the old bosses were products of a large, cohesive class of poor or blue-collar people in big cities or rural areas. The city bosses, especially, were based in neighborhoods where they knew everyone. They could go for a walk and see their constituency. Often, they *were* their constituency. They intimately knew their concerns. After the war, of course, the old neighborhoods lost their cohesiveness as the people in them began to do better financially. The passage of the G.I. Bill and the opening of the first Levittown started a mass migration to the suburbs, a huge increase in the education level of the population, and, ultimately, marked increases in the median family income too. These changes meant, first, that people were now out where their old precinct captains couldn't reach them; second, that they were more inclined to make up their own minds about who to vote for; and third, that they had less need of the kind of help from their local governments that was the traditional quid pro quo for votes. Not only were Americans on the whole better off financially; those who were needy were increasingly looking to the federal government rather than local officials for munificence. From 1960 to 1976 public social welfare expenditures increased from $52.3 billion to $331.4 billion, making a turkey from the local boss at Christmastime or a low-paying job with the sheriff's office far less alluring than it once had been.

At the same time that these traditional conduits from politicians to voters were cracking, a new conduit was emerging in television. In 1950, nine percent of American households had televisions; in 1960, 87 percent; in 1970, 95 percent. More than anything else, television became the great national shared experience. In 1948, the national political conventions were televised for the first time. In 1952, Dwight Eisenhower was the first presidential can-

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didate to hire a television adviser, the actor Robert Montgomery. By 1956, both major candidates were running professionally produced television advertising as part of their campaigns.

Direct mail advertising, which began half a century before with the big mail-order houses, got into big-time politics with the first Eisenhower campaign and was used increasingly through the 50s and 60s to raise money, persuade, and sample opinion. By the late 70s, single-issue groups could generate as many as half-a-million postcards to the White House about a piece of legislation, using direct mail appeals. Polling was also becoming more often used and more sophisticated technically through the 50s and 60s, with Louis Harris's work for John F. Kennedy in 1960 being the most prominent breakthrough.

In the meantime, television advertising was spreading throughout American politics. Charles Guggenheim, who made Adlai Stevenson's ads in 1956, produced and directed a half-hour film in 1958 for an unsuccessful gubernatorial campaign in Arkansas. In 1962 Guggenheim made a half-hour film for the successful Senate campaign of George McGovern. In 1964 he made a third half-hour film, for Robert Kennedy's Senate race in New York, and won again. The next year, David Garth entered the business by engineering John V. Lindsay's television-based New York City mayoral campaign. In 1966 an unknown, anti-machine Democrat, Milton Shapp, came out of nowhere to win the Democratic nomination for governor of Pennsylvania, again largely on the strength of a Guggenheim half-hour film, which Shapp himself had never even seen.

Pretty soon, television advertising was killing off established politicians who thought they had safe seats. In 1968 Richard Schweiker used television to upset Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania. The same year, Mike Gravel took away Ernest Gruening's Alaskan Senate seat by using a Shelby Storke film called "Man From Alaska." On the weekend during the primary campaign when the film was shown, Gravel went from 30 points behind in the polls to 10 points ahead. In 1970 Governor James Rhodes of Ohio refused to use television advertising in his Senate race, and lost; in 1974 he recaptured the governorship by spending 90 percent of his campaign budget on video. By 1978 even old Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, a member of Congress since 1933 and a man whom none could best at traditional politics, was scared enough to hire David Garth to run a media campaign for him.

Two changes in the rules of politics also helped the consultants rise to power. First, a series of reforms in the party nominating processes following the 1968 election eliminated the ability of bosses to deliver votes at the conventions and made the primaries the controlling factors in winning party nomination. Second, campaign finance laws passed throughout the 70s severely limited the size of contributions, which meant that political money, like votes, would come more through direct appeals to people and less through the support of big shots. At the same time, the laws allowed corporate and labor-union political action committees to act as large-scale conduits of political funds and thus become, in effect, multiple mini-parties. "Corporate people move a lot," one PAC manager in Washington explains. "Christ, it takes them two years to figure out how to get to work. They don't get into the community much. They feel they should be doing something, and the corporate PAC is there. Probably they're involved in that instead of a party."

It was only natural that the experts in polling and advertising would reap the maximum financial advantage from their new influence by forming independent consulting firms. The first political consulting firm on record was Campaigns, Inc., founded in 1933 by a husband and wife, Clem Whitaker and Leone Baxter, in California, fertile ground for the business because of its weak party system and heavy suburban population. By 1980, the consulting business had so proliferated that, as one old pro, F. Clifton White, put it, "when a guy wants to run for office, the first thing he does is hire a political consultant."

The major statewide races pit consultant against consultant, so while the stock of the business stays high the stocks of its members rise and fall as their candidates win and lose. A consultant who is hot can lend instant legitimacy to a campaign, bringing the candidate who has hired him the serious attention of the press and the PACs. The dozen or so leading figures in political consulting, operating mostly out

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The candidate of change... and permanence

Political consultants like to talk about their campaigns as if they are works of art. Most of the time, they fall short of the mark, but occasionally there is one to which the business takes off its collective hat in appreciation of its aesthetic perfection. One such was William Winter's successful campaign for the governorship of Mississippi in 1979.

Winter was a career moderate politician who had served one term as Mississippi's lieutenant governor and ran for governor and lost in 1967 and 1975. In 1979, widely considered a loser, he decided to run again and hired two men who were then probably the hottest political consultants in Washington: Robert Squier, an advertising man, and Peter Hart, a pollster.

Hart's polling showed that of Winter's three main opponents in the Democratic primary, the strongest was Evelyn Gandy, the incumbent lieutenant governor. It further showed that Gandy had two weak points: she was identified with the administration of the unpopular Governor Cliff Finch, in which she had served, and she was a woman. Winter, therefore, would be the candidate of change and of masculinity.

Hart dealt with the change theme in several ways. He wrote out a brief announcement statement for Winter that said, "As I begin this race for governor, I tell you that it is time to put an end to the status quo government of special interest and to begin to tackle the problems that have been neglected for too many years. The other candidates offer more of the same, and I say that is unacceptable." He also designed a series of newspaper ads explaining Winter's 52 new ideas for state government.

Squier, meanwhile, came up with the key to the masculinity issue. He produced an ad showing Winter standing on a dusty military base amidst tanks, guns, and soldiers. "The governor is commander-in-chief of the National Guard," Winter said in the ad, "and the National Guard is the first line of national defense." Squier recalls proudly that "nobody ever used the Guard as an issue before. We tried to imply that there are parts of the job that she can't handle."

The only problem with the ad was that it worked too well—Hart's polls showed Gandy dropping precipitously and the other two men in the race gaining. Knowing they had a way to beat Gandy and therefore wanting to face her in the runoff, they pulled the Guard ad, then started running it again in the Gandy-Winter runoff campaign, and won the Democratic second primary by 14 percentage points.

In the general election campaign against Gil Carmichael, another problem developed: Hart's polls showed that it was now Carmichael, not Winter, who was perceived as the candidate of change. Winter, then, would have to become the candidate of permanence. The newspaper ads with the 52 new ideas for state government were immediately canceled. Squier created an ad accusing Carmichael of wanting to destroy Mississippi's precious county system, keystone of the state's traditional way of life. Hart wrote a new speech for Winter to use in the final weeks of the campaign, which began, "The time has come to put a little order and stability into our state government." In November, Winter won by 21 points.

Hart and Squier, Winter says now, "meant the obvious difference between winning and losing." Was their support more important than that of anyone in Mississippi? "Absolutely. Sure. We did not seek any organized support, we did not want any, and we did not have any."

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of New York, Washington, and Los Angeles and working mostly for candidates of one party, have helped elect at least half of the senators, governors, and big-city mayors in the country, not to mention the presidents of Venezuela, the Philippines, and France. In short, they have put more important politicians into power than Boss Tweed or Mayor Daley ever dreamed of.

Because the leading consultants have succeeded in doing what the old bosses never could—extending their operations across state and regional lines—they have helped create a national political culture that dominates local politics. To watch campaign ads is to see a country where Biloxi is not much different from Pittsburgh. It is possible to detect some difference between ads in the Northeast, which tend to be argumentative, and ads from the West, which emphasize music and scenery and the candidate's heroic aspects. And there are differences between the styles of individual consultants. But overriding all that is a consensus that the American people like candidates who are informal, who have seemingly happy marriages and healthy children, who are against crime and corruption and high taxes while remaining deeply concerned about the needy and the elderly (the latter being the group with the highest voter turnout). And who owe nothing to anybody.

Those are the facts, but they don't fully explain the fall of the old bosses and the rise of the consultants. One reason the changeover has been so complete is that, although television advertising has never been the darling of the intellectuals, every downturn in the parties' fortunes has been applauded by right-thinking people. The idea that politics is dirty is so widespread that it, as well as demographical and rule changes, has been an important part of the death of the parties. This point is best illustrated through the story of one man, a party loyalist who became a consultant because of the power of an idea. His name is Matt Reese.

Out in the Cold

Matt Reese is a born politician, a man who loves politics and is good at it. After bouncing around in several jobs as a young man, he became passionately involved in John F. Kennedy's primary campaign in 1960 in his home state, West Virginia, working as a protege to Kennedy's campaign director there, Bob McDonough. When Kennedy won, Reese had chips to cash in, and he came to Washington to work in the government in 1961. He soon found a place at the Democratic National Committee as director of operations, assigned to register as many Democratic voters as possible; voter registration was a near-obsession of Kennedy's.

Reese did an excellent job, although his patron did not live to reap the results. In the 1964 campaign, he registered nearly half-a-million new voters across the country, through phone banks and volunteers. His grand ambition was to be the chairman of the DNC. But he was a well-known Kennedy man—Robert Kennedy was more a hero to him than John Kennedy had been—and President Johnson made it known that he didn't want a Kennedy man in charge of the DNC. In late 1965, it was clear to Reese that he wasn't going anywhere in Washington.

In the meantime, his old mentor Bob McDonough had been appointed director of the Department of Natural Resources (essentially the parks department under a fancier name) in West Virginia, and he asked Reese to come back and serve as his deputy. The idea was that the two men would not only run the parks, then growing rapidly because of a torrent of Great Society money flowing into West Virginia, but also establish a political organization in case Robert Kennedy ran for president in 1968. If that happened, it might get them back to Washington, and might get Reese the job he wanted so badly, the directorship of the DNC. So in addition to building parks, McDonough and Reese handled all matters involving Bobby Kennedy in the state and tried to build a network of people loyal to them, to the governor, Hulett Smith, and to Kennedy. All these causes were not at war with each other, because good parks would be good for the political fortunes of Reese and McDonough and Smith and Kennedy as well. Also, for Reese and McDonough, the connection to national politics lent them stature, even glamour. It satisfied the natural human desire to let the rest of the world know you're alive. It was the little extra ingredient that kept men of their caliber in jobs running state parks.

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One day in the summer of 1966 Reese received a visit from a man named Bob Mellace, who was the premier political reporter for the premier Republican newspaper in West Virginia, *The Charleston Daily Mail.* Mellace handed Reese a piece of paper, a photostat of a page of the parks department's contracts with concessionaires, which Reese had just reviewed and renewed. In the margin of the page Reese had written a note to McDonough: "Why don't we look at changing the length of time on these contracts so if bad things happen in November our friends won't be out in the cold." After Reese had written the note he had discussed it with McDonough and they had decided not to lengthen the contracts after all; and even when writing the note, Reese had assumed that the friends who got contracts would be friends who also did a good job. But that isn't the point.

The point is that in that moment with Bob Mellace and the photostat, Matt Reese choked. Mellace asked him if he had written the note. He knew he had, of course. He could have denied it, but that would have been an outright lie, and one he might have gotten caught in. He could have admitted it, but what was clean politics to him would, he knew, look wrong to the public. Even as far as experts like Reese and Mellace were concerned, the temper of the times, then as now—the entire thrust of what Americans learn about what is good and bad about government—was such that it was impossible for an intelligent politician to explain to an intelligent reporter on a moment's notice what was good about giving state contracts to competent friends over competent enemies. So Reese didn't want to say yes either.

Instead, he said he didn't know whether or not he had written the note. That was the worst thing he could have said. First, it wasn't true. Second, it allowed the story to take on a life of its own as Mellace pieced together more evidence and more waggling statements from Reese. The *Daily Mail* rode the story hard for six months, and in the end Reese resigned.

He was, for the moment at least, finished as a state executive and so had to turn to the practice of politics, divorced from government. He started a political consulting firm. Today, Matt Reese and Associates is one of the most respected consulting firms in Washington. Reese is a big success. Rather than polling or making advertisements, he has devised a specialty for himself, targeted phone banks. As much as the old Democratic Party tried to bind people together, he now breaks them apart. Using a computerized system called Claritas, he has divided the country into 250,000 "block groups" and classified the groups into 40 categories based on demographics. For a candidate or a cause, he can identify which of the 40 categories is ripest for persuasion, find the block groups, and get them to vote. In other words, for each election he builds a temporary and evanescent coalition, which after election day ceases to exist.

Reese is an extremely able man and would be an asset to any Democratic administration. He knows how to get things done. He is in sympathy with the party's goals, and capable of tremendous loyalty to its leaders. But it won't happen, because, as his career shows, there is no place in American politics today for the political administrator—the kind of official that he tried to be in West Virginia.

There is, however, a place for the Reese of today, the political consultant. People with a technical expertise at winning elections and no involvement in policy—the Gerald Rafshoons of the world—are welcomed into government. Matters of substance are handed over to a different kind of technician, the non-political experts like Harold Brown. It's just mixing the two that's not respectable.

As a result, people who run for president spend their campaigns traveling around with the political technicians and not putting their minds to hard thought about what their substantive agenda will be if they win and how it might be effected. Then, after the election, the policy technicians, who have little sense of why and how the president was elected, take over and are themselves usually stymied by a Congress they don't understand. Instead of one kind of technician or another, we need people who have participated both in formulating policy and in winning elections, people who have an agenda and know how to put it into effect. People who could have done both have been forced by respectable opinion into choosing one or the other. And that, as Reese himself says, is a goddamned shame. ■

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Memo of the Month

STATE OF ARKANSAS
Bill Clinton, Governor

DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES
Gail S. Huecker, Director

DIVISION OF MENTAL RETARDATION-
DEVELOPMENTAL DISABILITIES SERVICES
Dr. Joseph P. Cozzolino, Commissioner

Suite 400, Waldon Building | 7th & Main Streets | Little Rock, Arkansas 72201 | 501/371-2333

MEMORANDUM

TO: Mr. Fred Cheyunski, Administrator, EPMS
Mr. Charles Elliott, Deputy Commissioner, Community Services
Ms. Henrietta Jenkins, Deputy Commissioner, CP & RS
Dr. Ada Thompson, Deputy Commissioner, Professional Support Services
Mr. Ron Weis, Deputy Commissioner, Institutional Services

FROM: Dr. Harold Nethercutt
Deputy Commissioner
Administrative Services

DATE: April 22, 1980

SUBJECT: Daylight-Saving Time

Daylight-Saving Time begins this year at 2:00 a.m., Sunday, April 27. Clocks should be set forward one hour.

Harold Nethercutt, Ed.D.
Deputy Commissioner

HN:mm

cc: Dr. Joseph Cozzolino, Commissioner, MR-DDS
Mr. Tony Zingarelli, Assistant Commissioner
Mr. Howard Watson, Director, DHS Public Affairs
Mr. Dennis Bonge, Accounting Manager, MR-DDS
Mr. Sam Fleming, Reimbursement Officer, MR-DDS
Mr. Don Fugett, Data Processing Manager, MR-DDS
Mr. Jim Hickman, Purchasing Manager, MR-DDS
Mrs. Gene Ockerman, Personnel Manager, MR-DDS
Mr. Bill Porter, Inventory Control Manager, MR-DDS
Mrs. Theda Carroll, Management Project Analyst
Mrs. Alice Johnson, Administrative Assistant
Mr. Louis Brown, Superintendent, Booneville Unit
Dr. Russ Burbank, Superintendent, Arkadelphia/Conway Unit
Mr. Maurice Caldwell, Superintendent, SEAHDC, Warren
Mr. Samuel DeMarco, Superintendent, Alexander Unit
Mr. Thomas Lewins, Superintendent, Jonesboro Unit
Mr. Ray Biggerstaff, Business Manager, Alexander Unit
Mr. Mike Cowart, Business Manager, Arkadelphia Unit
Mr. Bill Hoggard, Business Manager, Conway Unit
Mr. Al Peer, Business Manager, SEAHDC, Warren
Mr. Larry Wells, Business Manager, Booneville Unit
Mr. Bill Wood, Business Manager, Jonesboro Unit

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A Prize Idea

Reward the invention, not the feasibility study.

by James F. Hudson

Last year a man-powered craft, the Gossamer Condor, flew across the English Channel. When it landed in France, its builders collected lots of publicity, free drinks at local bars, and $80,000 in cash. That cash was the Kramar Prize—set aside years ago as the reward for the first lunatic to huff across the Channel unassisted.

To win the Kramar Prize, you had to get to the other side. That is, the prize was for *performance*. Now stop for a minute and suppose that instead of Kramar, the U.S. government was funding man-powered flight. There would be research and development grants to analyze the updrafts from the lower calf muscles, thermodynamic studies of sweat evaporation, and doodles on every drawing board in America. There would be somber professors writing papers about humanoid aeronautics and proposals for second-generation man-powered supersonic crop dusters, but nothing would be flying.

Instead of encouraging technological breakthroughs by rewarding performance, the government discourages them with a grants structure that rewards inaction. What are we doing about nuclear safety? Studying it. What are we doing about solar energy? Holding conferences. What are we doing about dirty smokestacks? Reassessing.

What should we do about the whole mess in R&D? Start giving out prizes, just like Kramar.

James F. Hudson is a vice president of Urban Systems Research & Engineering, a Cambridge, Massachusetts firm that is not offered prizes for its government work.

Instead of bestowing grants for study and research, the government should post prizes. Prizes for finishing, not for thinking about finishing. Prizes for getting something to work—for building it, testing it, breaking it, swearing at it, and fixing it till it runs. How about, let's say, a $1 billion prize for the first large, reliably functioning large coal liquefaction plant?

Prizes for successful technology would go straight into the pockets of the inventors and investors, appealing shamelessly to their prurient desire to get rich. Government would withdraw most of its funding for R&D. If the prize for actual completion of a project were fat enough, industry would put up the R&D money. And it would be a lot more selective about selecting the ideas that are most likely to work (that is, the ideas that are worthwhile) because if the idea didn't work, industry would take the loss.

Sounds mad, you say? It wouldn't if you'd been doing what I've been doing lately, which is evaluating proposals for Department of Energy R&D funding. How different government R&D is from commercial research! In commercial work there is a single test of performance—does the result sell? If it does, the R&D effort wins its prize—the profits. In government research, the only test of performance is the ability to get grants. Once you're funded to study, you get the same amount of money whether you solve the problem or not. You have to meet rigid program requirements, surrendering the free-wheeling laboratory latitude to test things on

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instinct. But above all, you fear a breakthrough more than a failure. If you make a breakthrough, there's no need for further study, so your grants stop.

This is not to suggest that scientists everywhere are deliberately knocking over test tubes to stall their work. It is to state that our current system inspires only process, not performance. There is in the strictest sense *nothing* to be gained by solving a problem. There's no goal, no thrill of achievement, and no personal profit. You don't even get a patent if you devise something, because the results of government-funded R&D are public property. Of course, this isn't much of a problem, because government-funded work seldom produces anything worth patenting.

Pumping Up Tires

I'll give you an example. The proposals I was inspecting for DOE had to do with recycling old auto tires. It sounds like a promising idea. Tires have a higher energy value than coal—about 15,000 BTU per pound of tire, compared to 12,000 BTU per pound of coal. And discarded tires are such a pain in the neck, people will pay to get rid of them. DOE has $2.3 million to encourage development of a commercial tires-to-energy project.

For its money, DOE can (assuming the standard inflated bids) fund one, maybe two "demonstration" plants. The longer it takes these plants to start operating, the better it is for the demonstrators—because once DOE is committed to a project, it will find more grants to extend the work and thus protect the agency's image. If the demonstration fails, great! For then, as commonly happens, the demonstrators go on to get other grants for R&D on something else. But if the demonstration plant ever does get running, the demonstrators run the risk that their funds will be shut off. No prizes, no patents, not even a ceremonial key to the DOE washroom.

Instead of bankrolling two demonstration plants that will probably devote all their efforts to demonstrating their need for further funding, why not establish a $2-million prize for the first decent tires-to-energy project? It wouldn't be too hard to set the criteria. Let's say that to win, the process would have to convert 500 tons of tires to usable energy, work in two places (to prove the system had wide applications, or "transferability"), run for a year, and show an operating profit after audit. Hard, but far from impossible. And here's the key that would make it attractive to investors financing the competitors: the results of all the R&D would be proprietary, not public. So you'd get to keep the patents. If the winning system is profitable, the patents could be worth a lot. You might require the winner to license whatever technology he develops, so all could share it—but it would be a license with royalties, to insure that the winner gets the greatest profit.

Where will the development capital come from if government won't provide it? From the standard sources, of course—banks, venture capitalists, and the dreaded multinational conglomerates. That's how most business projects are funded. The main difference between business R&D and government R&D is that business will only put up money for projects that work.

But if the multinational conglomerates fund a winning project, won't they, as investors, grab most of the prize money? You bet. That's exactly what will encourage them to put the capital on the table to begin with. It's also what will encourage them to move an idea from concept to working model as rapidly as possible. And what will insure that most of their money is spent on hard research and equipment construction, instead of "feasibility studies" and other "seed" work. Right now, almost all the government's R&D money goes into seed activities—the perpetual study of whether or not it's a good idea to try something. Somehow, government deems it acceptable to spend zillions on thinking about whether an idea is feasible, but highly offensive to actually build something and find out for sure.

Gone Fusion

Are there drawbacks to this plan? Sure. Government funding of "basic" research—abstract lab work like high-energy particle physics—would have to continue. Basic research is the investigation of scientific areas that have no potential for immediate benefits. Suppose there was a need for

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> With government R&D, there's nothing to be gained by solving a problem. You don't even get the patent. But then government R&D seldom produces anything worth patenting.

basic research into the physics of warpdrive, so that we could build a spaceship (not man-powered, let's hope) to reach other galaxies. Well, maybe there is a warpdrive principle, but the chances of uncovering it are slim. How big a prize would government have to offer to get corporate marketing directors to rush to Fermi Lab and Brookhaven waving their checkbooks? Say $100 billion? Obviously, that's out of the question. Equally important, the products of basic research—usually scientific principles that describe the world's workings—should never be proprietary. It is in society's interest that such information be public, so it is proper that the government finance basic research.

Likewise, it would be ill-advised to remove government's role in R&D for hazardous projects. We need a truly safe means to dispose of nuclear wastes, for instance. Would you want a lot of unsupervised entrepreneurs testing their devices? ("Sorry, my idea to mix plutonium with cattle feed didn't pan out. I'll have to drop out of the contest. You won't mind roping off Kansas, will you?") Strictly controlled government R&D would have to continue in fields like this. Fortunately, the number of R&D areas where there is potential for a lab catastrophe is small enough that this shouldn't be much of a problem.

Then there would be some puzzling cases where a technology is sure to be developed, but will take so long to show a profit that business might not put up the money. DOE, for instance, predicts that a fusion power plant will be on-line by 2010. It plans to spend $14 billion for R&D to achieve that goal. Suppose, instead, we left $4 billion around for training people in fusion physics, then put up $10 billion as the prize for the first plant? That $10 billion would be mighty tempting to industry, especially since the plant itself would make a profit, too. It would certainly speed the development of this much-needed system. But invest toward a payoff 30 years away, when the chairman of the board who authorized the investment has long since gone to the Great Golf Course in the Sky? Might not work. So government R&D funding of long-term ideas, regrettably, would probably have to continue.

Without Feathers

Isn't this a wonderful idea? I certainly think so. But I won't be surprised if it sits around for five to ten years, until somebody junior enough for it to affect is senior enough to influence some money. Then, there will be five years of paper studies into the feasibility (I'd be happy to get one of the contracts!), going on and on about response of the market, environmental impact, federal staff impact, methods for setting prizes and performance requirements, what color the blueprints should be, and so on. And ten years later, there may be a demonstration involving parallel projects, with one working toward a prize and the other direct-funded. Given federal government lag times, that would be pretty dynamic action. So I'll see you again in 25 years. In the meantime, just be glad the federal government *didn't* decide to fund research into man-powered flight. We'd still be gluing feathers to our arms. ■

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The Code the Times Can't Crack

WASHINGTON

by Harrison Salisbury

Max Frankel had taken over the Washington bureau of *The New York Times* at the time of the inauguration of Richard Nixon, January 20, 1969, and his job had not been made easy by the antagonism of the President and his staff, an antagonism which had increased as a result of the Pentagon Papers.

Frankel, like his rival for power at the *Times*, Abe Rosenthal, had gotten onto the paper as campus correspondent: Abe from City College, Frankel, a bit later, from Columbia. Frankel was able, ambitious, young, and he moved upward quickly and easily under the stewardship of his mentor and career idol, Scotty Reston.

Harrison Salisbury is the author of Without Fear or Favor, *published by Times Books, from which this article is adapted.* *© 1980 by Harrison Salisbury.*

Frankel had become Washington bureau chief after the broiling intrigue and power struggle within the *Times* upper echelon during the 1960s, commemorated by Gay Talese in *The Kingdom and the Power*. And while by 1972 that struggle had long been over, its deep wounds and permutations continued to affect relationships among *Times'* editors and correspondents.

Frankel had been named to his post by Reston, the putative winner of the power struggle. Talese described Reston as clearly on top. He seemed to have the *Times* firmly under control, and ahead loomed an era of sweetness and light.

But things hadn't quite worked out that way, and now Rosenthal, who had been an opponent of Reston in the 1960s quarrels, was very much to the fore, secure in his post as managing editor, and this could not but exercise influence on the relationship

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The struggle between the New York and Washington power bases was deceptive. Men might seem to work well together, but competition lurked beneath the surface.

between Frankel and Rosenthal. The two men seemed to work quite well together, but below the surface lay strong competitive influences—and these inevitably would play a role in the events just ahead.

Rivalry

As Clausewitz might have said, the struggle between the New York and Washington power bases was now going forward by other means, as, indeed, it had since the early days of the paper. Arthur Ochs's great editor, Carr Van Anda, and the *Times*'s bureau chief of those days, Richard V. Oulahan, had been competitors. So had Arthur Krock and Edwin L. James.

When Turner Catledge became managing editor and James Reston assumed the post of Washington bureau chief, the lines for further competition were laid. Each was extraordinarily able, ambitious, close to and highly regarded by Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger, whose friendships with the men had been cemented during World War II. Each took long trips to war zones with the publisher, Reston to Russia, Catledge to the Pacific. For years after their 1943 trip to Moscow, Reston addressed Sulzberger as "Mr. Gus" and Sulzberger called Reston "Pectoh." The Gus came from *gospodin* ("Mr." in Russian); "Pectoh" is the way Reston is written in Cyrillic. Catledge and Reston possessed attractive personalities and formidable political skills: Catledge's honed in the hill country of Mississippi and back-office drinking rooms of the U.S. Senate and Reston's bred in his Scots ancestry and refined by the wisdom of his wife, Sally. The two men maintained a wary, knowing, and often witty balance. Each understood what the other was about, and their rivalry was not destructive.

This equilibrium began to be disturbed with the emergence of Orvil Dryfoos as publisher in 1961. Reston was closer to Dryfoos and to his wife, Marian, than was Catledge; but Dryfoos's tenure was cut short by his sudden death in June 1963.

Now, with the emergence of Punch as publisher, the advantage went to Catledge. He, alone of the higher executives of the *Times*, had a warm and close association with Punch, one that went back a good many years. Both had had broken marriages, both enjoyed a quiet drink. They spent many evenings together. Reston seemed austere to Punch.

It was clearly time for change. Catledge moved up to the post of executive editor and was succeeded by his long-time protege Clifton Daniel. Lester Markel, founder of the *Times'* Sunday edition and doyen of *Times* editors, was elevated to an advisory role and Catledge assumed responsibility for the Sunday paper as well as the daily. Reston, in Washington, turned over the bureau to his brilliant protege, Tom Wicker, and assumed the role of *eminence grise*. Rosenthal was brought in by Catledge and given the rather grandiloquent title of "metropolitan editor."

Rosenthal had not been eager to take the city desk. His ambition, as he was to recall many times, had been to write a column on foreign affairs, and, in fact, he had just been negotiating with John Oakes, editorial page director, to become a columnist at

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the time Turner Catledge arrived in Tokyo in late spring of 1962. Abe loved foreign reporting, and had become very good at it, had devoted his professional life to it, having been assigned in 1946 to the *Times*'s United Nations bureau at Lake Success. He had spent little or no time as a street reporter, knew nothing of Washington, had never been an executive, and his only editing experience had been on the City College paper.

Just before Catledge arrived in Tokyo, Oakes rejected Rosenthal's plea for a foreign affairs column and offered him a place on the editorial board. Abe refused that. He did not prize anonymity. What he wanted was a platform of his own. Catledge and his wife, Abby, were staying at Frank Lloyd Wright's old Imperial Hotel. When Abe and his wife, Ann, arrived to meet them Abby wasn't dressed, so while Ann waited for Abby, Abe and Catledge went into the coffee bar. Almost immediately Turner asked, "Are you happy here?" Abe spilled his coffee. He was happy in Tokyo, almost as happy as he had ever been on a foreign assignment (not *quite* as happy as when he was in India—always to remain his most pleasant foreign memory), and he knew that Catledge hadn't asked because he was worried about Rosenthal's happiness but because he had some proposition in mind, and Rosenthal was not certain it would be something he would like. Catledge continued, "How would you like to be city editor?" quickly adding that the job actually would be that of "Metropolitan Editor." Catledge was great at coining new titles, titles which seemed to enhance or expand in some way the previous dimensions of the job. "Turner," Abe responded, "you've forgotten who I am. You are looking for someone else. I've given 16 of my last 18 years to foreign affairs." Rosenthal told Catledge that he wanted to be columnist, but later when the two were together in India word came that Russell Baker had been named columnist, and Catledge said, "See, there isn't any spot there for you."

Catledge went back to the United States without getting Rosenthal's agreement, but he told Ted Bernstein, chief of the *Times* bullpen, an old friend and admirer of Abe and the one who had put the idea of Rosenthal's appointment into Catledge's mind, that he was going to talk Abe into the job. That year Abe's sister died of cancer and he flew back to New York, his leg in a cast. He had torn his knee in a fall in a Japanese restaurant. The question of the city editorship was still open. He held long discussions with his friends and, in fact, consulted very widely, talking, among others, with Teddy White, whom he then did not know at all well. White got the impression that Abe thought the city desk was somehow demeaning, not consistent with his rank as foreign correspondent. White urged Abe to take the job. He said New York was the greatest story in the world and it just wasn't being covered. Clifton Daniel, not yet managing editor of the *Times*, but clearly marked as Catledge's successor, said, "Take it. It's what you ought to do."

Coup

And so, ultimately, Rosenthal had come back to New York in the summer of 1963, stirred up a whirlwind, stirred up excitement, made a great splash, a truly great splash, and then, finally, almost lost his job, or so he thought. This was in consequence of an attempt by Catledge, Daniel, and Rosenthal to install Abe's protege and dear friend James Greenfield as chief of the Washington bureau, replacing Tom Wicker.

The effort failed spectacularly, disastrously, and publicly, because at the last moment, after Punch Sulzberger had given his blessing, Scotty Reston turned the publisher around with the argument that it would blow up the Washington bureau, the staff would leave en masse (possibly, although this was never to be confirmed, suggesting that even he, Reston, might find the *Times* no longer a comfortable place to work), that whatever the cost in public scandal of "reversing the verdict," as the Chinese would say, it was small compared to that which would come from going ahead.

Sulzberger, deeply troubled, had accepted Reston's arguments and called the deal off.

The melodrama of these events could not help but color relationships within the paper for years to come, and this continued to be true. The print of those tensions lay near the surface of Rosenthal's consciousness. He had, after all, played devil's assis-

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> 'I don't want to see anything about the *Times* in public print for a year,' Sulzberger told Reston. Reston kept the lid on, but his 13-month tour as executive editor was a failure.

tant in the scenario concocted by Catledge. Greenfield was *his* friend, had been brought on the paper by him, was vetted by him for the Washington post (Greenfield, an extremely agreeable, socially presentable man, had been a *Time* magazine correspondent in India, where he and Abe became acquainted), and Abe thought he had blown his career with the *Times*. But Sulzberger had him out to his house the weekend after the failed coup and said that he expected Rosenthal to stay with the paper and that his career was open-ended.

Still, the memory cut harshly into Rosenthal's psyche, and years later his friends would remark that despite his enormous success he still seemed to fear inwardly that something might go wrong and, in a flash, he could lose it all and be out in the street. One of his closest friends felt that Rosenthal's greatest worry after becoming managing editor of the *Times* was the fear that he would be fired.

Reston

Reston's prestige on the *Times* had never been higher than it was after he torpedoed the Washington coup. Inevitably he came into New York in the spring of 1968, taking over Catledge's title of executive editor. Wicker became associate editor and a columnist, and Frankel took over the Washington bureau. Reston's mandate was to reestablish peace and quiet: no more scandals; no more page-one stories; no more hysterics; no rocking the boat; let the dust settle. "I don't want to see anything about the *Times* in public print for a year," Punch told Reston. Reston gave his word that the lid would stay on.

Later there were many who tried to explain why Reston had not really done well as executive editor; why the exciting promise he had brought to the job was not fulfilled; why he did not display in New York his golden touch with young reporters and editors; why his efforts to improve the *Times* made little imprint; why his tenure was marked neither by striking innovations nor by great scoops; why he was unable to halt the hemorrhage of brilliant young writers like David Halberstam, Gay Talese, Anthony Lukas, leaving the paper; why his program for internships, for sabbatical leaves, for special status and new concepts to keep the best of the younger reporters from being lured away to books, TV, magazines never happened; why he stayed only 13 months.

The answer was complex. Reston was 58 when he came into New York. He had been 42 when he set Washington afire with his new bureau. Now he refused to give up his column, commuting a day or two to Washington each week in order to maintain it (inevitably the column went into a slump). He faced two ways, to New York and to Washington. This was too much for any man. Nor did he abandon his role as an informal consultant to powerful men in Washington and elsewhere. He purchased the *Vineyard Gazette*, the remarkable Martha's Vineyard weekly of Henry Beetle Hough, just before being named executive editor, and this presented him with piddling but endless problems. Nor, perhaps, was Reston's soft-shoe, shirt-sleeves, anti-bureaucratic, no-chain-of-command style adapted to so large an enterprise.

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Kissinger told Max Frankel of the *Times* that Watergate was unimportant. Kissinger was Frankel's most valued source. His judgment was persuasive.

But there was another factor. Reston had given a hostage to fortune. He had pledged to keep the *Times* out of the news columns for a year of rest and rehabilitation.

It never was to be made clear exactly how Reston envisaged Rosenthal's role on the paper. Reston had a strong affinity for men whom he himself had "discovered" and brought along, and he had a Ty Cobb nose for talent. Rosenthal was not one of "Scotty's boys" like Tom Wicker, Tony Lewis or Max Frankel; had never worked in Washington; his style was not Reston's style. Reston was a Glasgow lad transplanted to Ohio, but he had a liking for button-down-collar reporters, a bit tweedy; a bit Ivy League (they didn't have to *be* Ivy League but they had to *look* Ivy League). Rosenthal didn't look Ivy League; he didn't act Ivy League; he looked very much what he was: a bright and ambitious young man out of City College who had clawed his way up by smartness, energy and ambition and who now was going to defend his turf with every ability he had.

Whatever Reston's ultimate intentions, he came into total collision with Rosenthal within days of taking over in New York. He met with him one evening to outline his plans, his new concepts, his schemes for creating an elite corps of correspondents. They would be based in New York; they would be on call for service around the world; or anywhere in the country. They would be well paid. They would have special privileges. This would enable the *Times* to meet the lure of any competition. It would give it access to the very best of the talented generations emerging from Harvard and Radcliffe and Princeton and would ensure that the paper could handle the new challenges in reporting and analyzing complex social, political, and technological phenomena. It would put the *Times* in a category by itself and keep it there.

The elite corps (of course, Reston didn't use that word) would even—and this was startling in terms of the spare *Times* city room, where everyone sat together, row on row of reporters, platoons of editors, no insignia of rank or privilege—have small offices of their own, secretaries or shared secretarial services. They would have sabbatical years off for writing their books; special arrangements whereby they would move in and out of *Times* assignments. Dream jobs they would be, and Reston was certain that this, in the late 1960s, would enable the *Times* to create and maintain a staff superior to that possessed by any news medium, print or electronic, and it would enable him to replicate in New York the miracle of his 1950s Washington bureau.

There were other components of Reston's plans—the free and easy movement of reporters from one staff to another, the ending of compartmentalization, which gave editors proprietorial control over their men. If it seemed creative, Reston would take a top political man and send him to the World Series; or assign an art critic to the Republican Convention. Ideas tumbled out of Reston's brain like wheat from a harvester.

As Reston talked, Rosenthal grew more and more silent; a flushed look came over his face, the veins pounded at his temples. Finally he burst out. Enough! He was not going to preside over a second-class city

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room! He would not serve under a system in which he did not control his own men. He would not have *his* staff working alongside Reston's chosen few. It was impossible. Intolerable. It was a two-class society that Reston proposed and he would have no part of it. If this was what Reston had come to New York to do, he, Rosenthal,would get out. His resignation was available at any time. It would be on Reston's desk in the morning.

Reston had never heard anything like this in his life, as he told me when we met at his desk at 8:30 a.m. the following morning. The flow of words, the hyperbole, the rage boiling higher and higher. Finally Reston found himself trying to calm Rosenthal, trying to still the outpouring, trying somehow to help this man, whom he had hoped to make his partner in the new order, regain control over himself. But the torrent did not halt until Reston said, well, of course, if that is the way you feel I will have to review my plans. He did not have to say more. Rosenthal knew he had won; and Reston knew it too. The only way he could go forward with his ideas was, he thought, at the cost of Rosenthal's resignation, and he had given his pledge to Sulzberger of a year of quietude. So Reston gave another hostage to fate, a hostage which ensured that his tenure as executive editor would not be long and would not be successful. For Reston was too wise not to know and Rosenthal was too sensitive not to understand that if Rosenthal could veto Reston's plans it was Rosenthal, not Reston, who really held the reins of power.

Listening to Reston's troubled account that morning, I offered a few words of sympathy but inwardly made a note that the outcome of Reston's executive editorship had probably been determined by that single encounter. There was no way, I felt, in which Reston could regain command of the situation. Nor did I feel that there was room on the *Times* for two visions of the future. Only one could prevail and it seemed certain that it would be Rosenthal's. Rosenthal, on balance, was the tougher man. When the chips were down he was prepared to put his body, his future on the line. Of course, no one on the *Times* would talk publicly in these blunt terms, but the fact was that Rosenthal had demonstrated he had more balls than Reston. This primitive analysis proved to be true. Rosenthal not only won this seminal showdown with Reston but he went on and on, and by 1969 Reston had gracefully turned over direction of the paper to Rosenthal and gone back to Washington, to his column, to his vice presidency of the *Times*.

Rosenthal had become managing editor; he brought back his friend Jimmy Greenfield from a job with Westinghouse Broadcasting and installed him as a foreign editor. Or, rather, he persuaded Punch to telephone Greenfield and offer him the foreign editorship. Greenfield said, "I'm glad you called. Of course, I'll come."

It was for Rosenthal a sweet, sweet victory. But even in June of 1972 it was not quite complete. Rosenthal was boss of the daily paper but not of the Sunday paper, still an independent entity under Markel's long-time right-hand man and loyal assistant, Dan Schwartz. And there was the Washington bureau. Somehow, the Washington bureau had eluded Rosenthal. Not that he felt a sense of urgency but Washington lingered in his mind as an unresolved question, one with which eventually he would have to deal.

Hits and Misses

Perhaps, Sy Hersh said later, it was a sense of self-protection. He didn't have any sources on Watergate, he wasn't convinced the story was really there, and he had the impression Frankel wasn't convinced either. "Maybe Kissinger told him there was nothing to the story," he mused later, "and I didn't know myself." Hersh may have been right about Frankel's skepticism. Kissinger was Frankel's most valued source and his judgment would have been persuasive, but Max could not recall having heard anything from him in the early phase of Watergate. Later Kissinger told him that Watergate was not so important that it should be permitted to sap the President's energies and divert him from important foreign affairs matters. R.W. Apple remembered saying to Max at the time of the Republican National Convention in late July, "I guess I'll go and talk to Maurice Stans [the finance chairman of CREEP]" and Frankel replying, "You've got a fixation on Watergate. That story is dead."

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There was another factor which affected the *Times*. It should not have played a role. But it did. The Pentagon break-in occurred in the week that the proposal was made to Frankel by Punch Sulzberger that he take over the Sunday editorship. This was a critical career break for Frankel. It placed him in the number two news position, a post from which he might well be named executive editor (although at that moment the paper had no executive editor, Punch having sworn after his not entirely happy results with Catledge and Reston to scratch the position from his table of organization). The arrangement was that Frankel would take the Sunday job January 1. This meant that 1972 would be the last (as well as the first) occasion in which he would be the senior *Times* man on the national political conventions and the presidential campaign. He was eager to make the most of this opportunity. His mind was filled with sugar-plum dreams, ideas for improving the Sunday edition, for reorganizing the famous News-of-the-Week-in-Review, hardly changed since Lester Markel invented it in the 1930s, and for giving a new look to the somewhat jaded *New York Times Magazine*. He would want to assemble new personnel, to learn the Mycenaean cipher in which the affairs of this vast news machine were encoded, and devise means for putting his personal stamp on one of the most original and successful components of the *Times*. These were not small affairs, and it was natural that they took precedence in Frankel's mind over a story about which he had many uncertainties.

One member of Frankel's staff felt that the typical reaction in the bureau when Woodward and Bernstein broke a story was, "It can't be true. How could they know that? It's a lot of poppycock." He did not think Frankel's judgment differed. As Frankel put it later, "They were writing stuff that we couldn't have gotten in the *Times*. Judged by what they printed, we couldn't feel they had a solid hold on the story, particularly when they broke the Haldeman story."

The Haldeman story, a Woodward-Bernstein exclusive linking H.R. Haldeman to control of the CREEP fund for political espionage and sabotage, was published October 25, 1972, the eve of the election. It was instantly denied by the White House. In fact, as developments were to show, the *Post*'s story was essentially correct, but the information had not been presented to the Watergate grand jury by Hugh Sloan, the former CREEP treasurer, as the story stated. Of all the stories put together by the young reporters, this was the only one to misfire seriously, and it misfired on a technicality, not on its essential truth.

But Frankel had touched a critical point. *Times* style and *Times* tradition did create difficulties. It is in the nature of investigative reporting that the reporter often learns more than he is able to attribute to quotable sources. People tell him things that they do not wish traced back. The reporter can put two and two together, but he cannot spell out the arithmetic in his story. *Times* editors and copyreaders worried about such stories, sometimes rejected them, often held them up for rechecking and rewriting.

Then there was a question of psychology. One editor who worked at that time in both Washington and New York was convinced that "nobody really thought it was a story—just a cheap low-level crime of some kind. There was no perception in either Washington or New York of what it added up to."

The Tapes

Something like a psychological block must have been at work at *The New York Times*. No other explanation fits some of the attitudes taken and conclusions drawn.

As the Watergate story went on and on, the habit grew in the *Times* Washington bureau for the group working on it to assemble at 10 or 11 every morning to review the prospects. One day in December 1972 a *Times* photographer named Mike Lien poked his head into the room. He stood for a while, listening to the discussion, then said he had something to report. He spent a lot of time with the police and Secret Service men on his job, and off-time he frequently joined them for a drink.

"You know," he said, a little diffidently (there was a measurable difference in the Washington bureau between correspondents and photographers except for the senior *Times* photographer, George Tames, of whom it was said he had taken

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A *Times* photographer told a meeting of reporters and editors that the Secret Service was taping everything spoken in the Oval Office. 'Thanks,' someone said, and then they went back to what they'd been talking about.

pictures of every president since Warren G. Harding), "I was talking with some of my Secret Service friends last night. We were out drinking together. And they told me something interesting. They said the President has a whole taping apparatus in the Oval Office. It's run by the Secret Service. They tape everything that goes on there."

The reporters looked up from the long yellow legal pads on which they were jotting down their notes for the day, their shared impressions, their assignments, possible leads, checks on stories published by *The Washington Post* and other papers.

There was a moment of silence. No one offered a comment.

"Well," said Lien, a little embarrassed, "it sounded kind of interesting, and I thought you might want to know."

"Thanks a lot," someone said, and then, the reporters and editors went back to their discussions, their plans, their strategies.

The Code

Abe Rosenthal was restlessly struggling in 1979 with the problem that had possessed him since the ill-fated coup of 1968, the problem of the Washington bureau. This problem had lain at the heart of the *Times*'s agony over Watergate and it held the key to whether the *Times* was to regain that prestige (and readership) lost to the *Post* in Watergate days. Before Watergate the *Times* had been first in Washington; now it was not. In 1979 Rosenthal was to try yet another approach. Hedrick Smith had been named Washington bureau chief in 1976, coincident with the election of Jimmy Carter. But Smith's tenure, to Rosenthal's mind, had not been satisfactory, and so in the spring of 1979, after thrashing about, public arguments between Smith and Rosenthal, rumors and snippety items in the press, Rosenthal announced a new setup for Washington—Smith to be chief correspondent but the bureau functions, the news functions, the management side, to be taken over by Bill Kovach, the tough, straight-talking, no-nonsense editor whom many colleagues thought to be the most competent man on a desk and the most competent man on the street the *Times* had had for many years. David Halberstam, who claimed credit for getting Kovach on the paper, and who was a frequent critic of Rosenthal's editorship, called it "the best appointment on the *Times* in 15 years."

But even the Kovach appointment did not satisfy Rosenthal's restless psyche. He was talking of still other moves, of possibly taking a small apartment in Washington himself, of dividing his time between New York and Washington, of trying for once in his life to get a feel of the capital, an experience which his reporting career had denied him. Going to the scene, he thought, should narrow that geographical and psychological gap which he still thought constituted a handicap to the *Times*. Washington, he had concluded, was where so much of the news was; it was ever more important with the country so large, its functions so centralized; the *Times* must be first and best from Washington as it had in the past but had not been during his editorship.

Washington. . . it was a code that Rosenthal had not yet broken. ■

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Tidbits & Outrages

In Our Report, We Noted Excessive Nitrous Oxide at 105 m.p.h.

U.S. Customs agents recently raided an automobile distributorship and seized 18 TVR sports cars. The zoomy little English roadsters, of which 125 were imported here last year, allegedly violate emissions-control standards. The agents drove off with the contraband, an eyewitness observed, "after putting the tops down."

There's a Nominal Extra Charge for Surveying True Davis's Parties

A geological survey firm in suburban Washington calls itself the U.S. Boring Company.

I Lift My Burning Cross Beside the Golden Door

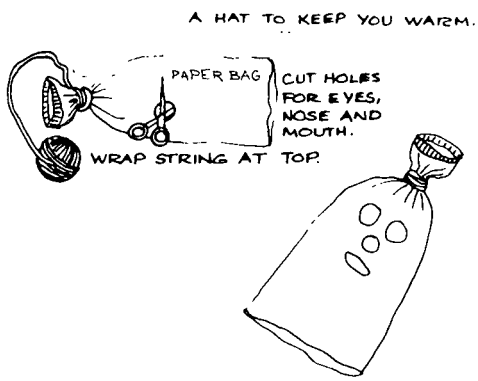
Arizona's Department of Economic Security has been carrying a help-wanted listing for the Phoenix chapter of the Ku Klux Klan. The job pays $3.90 a hour to sew sheets, and the Klan is identified as "an equal opportunity employer."

Running Time: 102 Minutes

The San Quentin News for Friday, May 23, announced that the weekend movie would be "Escape from Alcatraz."

Or, You Could Burn This Booklet

A new publication from the Community Services Administration, *No More Heat? A Self-Help Booklet,* offers timely advice to those who prefer not to freeze in the dark. If your building has no heat, the booklet advises, "walk around a lot." If your clothes are wet, "change into dry clothes." Most important: "Be sure to cover your head! Wrap your head with a scarf. If you don't have a scarf, use a towel. Paper is a good insulator, so a paper bag can serve to keep your head warm in an emergency. Cut eye holes in the bag."



Illustrations from No More Heat? A Self-Help Booklet

Secret Service Frogmen Will Stroke Alongside The Presidential Gondola

When preparations began for the Venice summit meeting, the U.S. embassy in Rome got a cable from the Secret Service asking for details of President Carter's motorcade route. When the embassy replied that there would be no motorcade in Venice, the Secret Service demanded an explanation, cabling: "We have always had a motorcade wherever the President went."

And He'll Be The First President Ever To Run Against A Dinosaur

Several days after the eruption of Mt. St. Helens, the White House press office put out the word that "President Carter today became the first President ever to visit an active volcano. . . ."

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And Dr. Mengele is Doing Everything He Can For Her

The Washington Post recently reported on a woman whose infant girl might have been inadvertently switched with another newborn child. Trying to confirm the baby's identity, hospital technicians analyzed her footprint. "Don't worry, I've had a lot of experience with baby prints," the hospital's expert told the anxious mother. "I was involved in the Jonestown identification project."

'The Murder Investigation Was Stymied When The Victim Refused to Cooperate with Police'

On the same day a National Public Radio announcer informed us that "Franz Josef Haydn and his brother, composer Johann Michael, were contemporaries" and that "Haydn appeared periodically at concerts during his lifetime," we noted this blurb on the paperback version of Thomas Pynchon's novel, *V*: "Proclaimed as the greatest book written by a living American author!"

In Our Next Issue: Joseph Mobutu's Favorite Recipes

There's a glossy new quarterly called *Leaders*. Don't look for it at your newsstand. "Circulation is strictly limited," the magazine's contents page explains. "No subscriptions are available. To receive *Leaders*, one must be the Leader of a Nation, an International Company, or a World Religion. . . ."

The lead story in a recent issue appears over the byline of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, president of Chile. He explains: "The untold story of Chile is the great advances being made in the social area."

Glowing Reviews

How government translates a legitimate concern into a bureaucratic regulation has never been better illustrated than in this account, by MIT's Prof. Ithiel de Sola Pool, of HEW at work:

"A student journalist at *The Harvard Crimson* proposed to his tutor to write a description of the *Crimson*'s editorial process. He was told he would have to check first with a university review board that would judge whether the study would injure his fellow editors.

"A professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was told that before he interviewed television officials about program sales or talked with government officials about broadcast spectrum allocations, he would have to submit his plan to a review board to assure that those officials would suffer no harm from his inquiries.

"In both instances, such prior review was said to be mandated by regulations of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. . . .

"The requirement of prior review of such research by an 'institutional review board' grows out of exposes of a couple of scandals in the mid-1960s.

"Poor and seriously ill patients had been experimentally given dangerous treatments without having been told. In one case, cancer cells were injected into them; in another, they did not get a syphilis cure they thought they were getting. The United States Public Health Service properly worried that research it supported might involve it in such scandals, so it created the review process.

"These arrangements were for a strictly biomedical matter; they had nothing to do with speech or the press. Then began a typical history of bureaucratic overkill. The regulations were extended from the Public Health Service to apply to all HEW grants for research on human subjects, not just to biomedical studies.

"Then in 1974, Congress passed an ambiguous law that HEW has interpreted as authorizing institutional review boards to act on all research on human subjects at institutions receiving HEW funds, whether or not the particular study was funded by HEW. . . .

"Finally, the definition of a 'human subject' has been expanded: The proposed revised regulations, published in the Federal Register last August, define a human subject as an individual about whom an investigator obtains data by 'interaction' or on whom he obtains 'identifiable information.' The same regulations will require review of all research on human subjects conducted 'by' or 'at' institutions that receive HEW funds."

But We're Still Boycotting Stolichnaya for the Time Being

Commissaries were established in American embassies to supply diplomats and their families with essential items unavailable in the host country. A commissary in western Europe currently offers Elizabeth Arden's *Eau Fraiche*, Waterford crystal bowls, Haviland vases, and Moet champagne.

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STRIKE IT RICH FOR SOCIALISM!

by Robert M. Kaus

The offices of the "public interest" law firm of Connerton, Schulman, and Bernstein look like any other fashionable Washington lawyers' warren, except for the walls. Along the walls, up and down the softly lit, carpeted corridors, are neatly arranged the artifacts and symbols of the labor movement. There are framed, colorful posters proclaiming "Strike!" There are posters of the early British Labour party, Ben Shahn posters from the New Deal, gritty black and white portraits of coal miners and construction workers, and paintings of workers on picket lines. But something is wrong, out of sync, though I can't put my finger on it.

Inside, in a large glass-walled office to the left of the modernistic conference room, lurks Jules Bernstein, father of Big Business Day, adviser to socialist Michael Harrington, and by his own admission "one of the leading *pro bono* lawyers in this country." Moments after he greets me, the phone begins to ring, and Bernstein is back at work—in this particular instance, trying to get the lawyers for three postal workers' unions to join him in pressing an "unfair labor practice" charge against the U.S. Postal Service.

"Will you forget the theory for a moment?" he cajoles, pacing back and forth. "You've got to think big in this world. It's like the guy in the airplane ads, taking off and thinking, 'Wow, I've just won this terrific prize.' That could be us." Bernstein nervously twirls the swivel chair in front of his desk and drops his rumpled bulk on top of it. Another call: "Look, Lubbers is over there at the NLRB with a mandate to protect the American worker. Well, if he really wants to strike a blow for American workers then he should file on this. . . ."

The words pour easily from Bernstein's mouth. If most attorneys come across as cynical, self-consciously separating their client's views from their own, Bernstein is clearly quick to place his actions on the side of righteousness, and the touchstone is usually Bernstein's role as defender of the American worker. "I've always said," he had told me at our first meeting, "if you're a union lawyer, you can sleep nights. You may not sleep long, but you rest peacefully."

Still, something is off key, something is too facile in Bernstein's invocation of the "American worker" in this particular situation, or maybe just in these particular surroundings. It's a feeling I've gotten several times in the past few weeks, when I've asked around about Bernstein in Washington's close-knit left-liberal community. The answers are usually the same. First, a quick word of praise: "He's a catalyst. . . he brings people together. . . he's such an idealist. . . a genuine humanist." But this is followed by a penetrating look, an uncomfortable pause that seems

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to say, in effect, "That's all I want to say. . . . What are you driving at, anyway?"

The problem can't be Bernstein's leftist credentials. They are impressive enough, starting in the mid-50s at Brandeis University, an ideological hothouse where Bernstein studied under such contending radical luminaries as Herbert Marcuse ("a great man"), Irving Howe ("a dear friend") and C. Wright Mills. Then there was the civil rights movement, which captivated Bernstein while he was in law school, and then there are his 20 years as one of Washington's leading labor lawyers. This is a life marked off into what Bernstein calls his "ten-year struggles," first to "democratize the legal system" through prepaid legal service plans, then in a campaign against the "union-busting" industry—the management consultants who hire themselves out to employers who want to fight unionization ("a bunch of mercenaries," Bernstein labels them). More recently, Bernstein has been a chief architect of the "campaign to curb corporate abuse in the 1980s" that was, in theory anyway, kicked off with Big Business Day three months ago. Today, Bernstein is one of the two or three most visible left-wing lawyers in Washington, especially if you give points for the fact that unlike a Ralph Nader or a Joe Rauh, he is an avowed socialist, a member of the national executive board of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee (DSOC). Yes, the credentials are solid, the references impeccable. Yet there is something *wrong*. . . .

Our interview is over, and Bernstein is showing me out. Too late to ask any more questions. "Of course, these are Coritas," he is saying, proudly pointing to a row of familiar-looking silk-screen prints arrayed on one side of the corridor. "And these are old British posters. That one's only a copy, but the other two are originals. And here are some Ben Shahn originals."

Then it hits me. It's the walls after all, or rather what is on them. These aren't the same benign Ben Shahn and Corita copies you see in the waiting rooms of every liberal congressman or antiwar dentist. These are Shahn and Corita *originals*—even the painting of striking workers by the front door turns out to be an original that Bernstein has picked up at a New York exhibition. What had seemed to be a simple display of ideological badges is in fact many thousands of dollars' worth of expensive art. At least as much as they symbolize the struggles of the working man, it seems the decorations on Jules Bernstein's wall symbolize something else, namely money.

And money, I now realized, was one of the aspects of Jules Bernstein's life that his colleagues on the left had been reluctant to talk about, even as they reached for nice things to say about him. Because Jules Bernstein, it turns out, is a rich man. Not just Washington-lawyer rich, but millionaire-rich. Now, we are used to the perversity of wealth, and the contradictions inherent in being a socialist millionaire are not particularly damning, or even interesting, anymore. What's intriguing about Bernstein, however, is not the mere fact that he is rich, but rather *when* he became rich (answer: very recently) and, more important, *how*. You see, he did not inherit wealth, like Stewart Mott, or marry it, like Norman Thomas. Instead, Jules Bernstein got rich while "striking a blow for American workers," as he would put it.

Fair Labor

The story of how Bernstein made his first million begins back in 1973, when Senator Harrison Williams, chairman of the Senate Labor Subcommittee, introduced a bill to bring the federal government under the Fair Labor Standards Act (FLSA), the law that establishes the minimum wage, the 40-hour week, and a slew of other rules that govern the way most employees in the private sector are paid. At the time, the chief counsel of Williams's subcommittee was a young lawyer named Gerald Feder. It was Feder who drafted much of the bill's language.

In the spring of 1974, Feder's subcommittee asked Louis Cox, the Postal Service's general counsel, if his agency had any problem with the proposed law. Cox wrote back a letter saying he had no objections. It was a colossal blunder of the sort few attorneys get the opportunity to make in their lifetimes, because the Post Office's personnel practices were in fact subtly, but significantly, out of line with the FLSA's requirements. For example, the Postal Service measured overtime by the half-hour while the new law required "rounding off" to the nearest quarter hour. The

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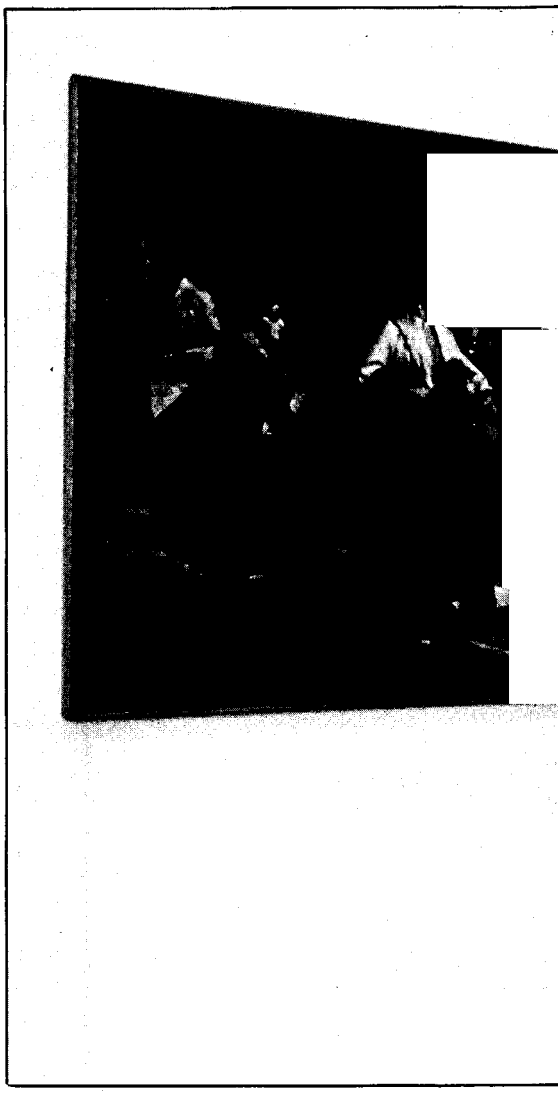
FLSA also requires employers to include any "night shift" or other pay premiums in computing overtime, while the Post Office had been paying straight time-and-a-half.

There were other discrepancies, none of them particularly prominent—but spread over 700,000 postal workers, all the quarter hours and night shift premiums could add up to a tidy sum. True, the Postal Service might adjust its payroll practices to meet the new requirements—but the act would give them only three weeks to comply, once it was signed, and the Post Office's payroll system was pieced together from over 200 different computer programs. More important, as anyone reading Cox's letter would quickly grasp, the Postal Service had no idea what would be required of it.

One reason for Cox's complacency, it should be noted, was that there was no visible groundswell of outrage rising up from rank and file postal employees condemning "rounding off" to the half-hour, or the other payroll practices the bill would outlaw. The subcommittee's hearings on the FLSA amendments tended to focus on other aspects of the legislation (including a rise in the minimum wage and the application of FLSA to local governments); indeed, none of the postal unions chose to testify.

So, with Cox nodding his head, the amendments to the Fair Labor Standards Act were signed into law in April 1974. Three weeks later, the U.S. Postal Service stood exposed to a steadily growing liability for its now illegal payroll practices. Eleven days after that, Gerald Feder quit his job with the Senate Labor Subcommittee and went into private practice.

One of Feder's first acts as a private attorney was to sign on as litigation manager for several prominent Washington labor lawyers who had sued the Postal Service on an earlier labor violation, involving overtime payments for work performed "out of schedule." The lawyers included Donald M. Murtha, former general counsel of the American Postal Workers' Union, and Bernstein, who was associate general counsel to the Laborers International, a union of over 400,000 members, including 60,000 Postal Service mailhandlers. The lawyers had argued, in essence, that if a worker who normally worked Monday-through-Friday was instead asked to work Tuesday-through-



Jules Bernstein

Saturday, he should receive overtime for the entire week instead of just for one day. Don't laugh—the suit was eventually settled for $25 million. But not before the lawyers got into a bitter argument with the Postal Service over their attorneys' fees. Enlisting the aid of another prominent labor barrister, Mozart Ratner (then general counsel of yet another postal union, the Letter Carriers), they eventually received fees totaling $3.1 million. For Bernstein, whose salary with the Laborers was $37,000 a year plus expenses, it was a taste of things to come.

Meanwhile, the Postal Service and the unions were slogging through the contract

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CHRISTINE ARCHANGELI

talks of 1975, during which the Postal Service had to admit that it was violating the FLSA, and promised to redesign its payrolls and begin awarding back pay to its workers. The unions—represented by, among others, Bernstein and Ratner in their official capacities—went along, and the contract was signed, temporarily putting the issue of the FLSA violations on the back burner. But the lawyers were not to be denied. Although the full range of the Postal Service's violations was still a matter of speculation, "Gerry [Feder] had a smell of them and I had a smell," Ratner would later tell Robert Windrem of *The American Lawyer*. When they learned that a California attorney had been soliciting letter carriers as clients for a back pay case, Feder, Ratner, and Bernstein got together and decided to take quick action.

They were, in fact, an ideal trio to bring a lawsuit seeking recovery under the new statute. Feder, of course, had written much of the law in question. And, as officials of their unions, not only had Bernstein and Ratner participated in the contract negotiations during which the Postal Service admitted it was violating the law, but they were well-situated to contact the workers who would be the plaintiffs in any lawsuit. As union officials, in fact, you might have expected them to bring such a back pay

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suit as part of their normal course of duty, on behalf of the workers whose dues paid their not inconsiderable salaries. But they had a better idea.

Bagging the Money

An ingenious idea it was. To appreciate it, you should understand the problem Bernstein and his colleagues faced: Here was the Postal Service, admitting violations of law that could mean millions. But the amount of back pay owed any single worker, even those with the best claims, would not amount to more than a thousand dollars or so—hardly worth the collective efforts of three legal heavyweights. The trick was to combine the claims of thousands of workers so that, when they all added up, you had a really whopping lawsuit. But the lawyer's traditional mechanism for doing this—the "class action"—is forbidden in FLSA actions. Nor are unions allowed to sue for themselves—only individual members may recover back pay.

To get around this obstacle, the lawyers discovered mass marketing. They would use union machinery to round up clients, placing ads in union magazines asking postal workers to join in their lawsuit. Handy clip-out coupons were included in the ads—send them in, and you had hired Bernstein, Feder, or Ratner to bring your back pay case. Within three months after the first case was filed, 13,000 workers had sent in coupons. As the lawyers discovered additional ways in which the Postal Service had been snagged by the FLSA, more coupons were printed, in what came to resemble a "Lawsuit of the Month Club." Eventually, 90,000 workers subscribed.

But although Bernstein received the aid of the Laborers' Union in attracting clients, he did not bring the suits as the Laborers' associate general counsel. Instead, he and Feder joined up with Murtha and another Laborers official, Robert Connerton, to form a "one-case law firm," Donald M. Murtha & Associates, in which each held partnership shares. It was this device—the creation of a separate, private firm—that guaranteed the lawyers a hefty cut of any back pay award the postal workers received.

There were alternatives, of course. Under the statutes, the Secretary of Labor could have been asked to file a suit that would have protected *all* half-million postal workers, rather than just the 90,000 who clipped out the forms. Or Bernstein and Ratner could have undertaken the suit as employees of their unions, with the unions simply paying their salaries, and any other litigation expenses, and then distributing all the back pay recovered to the individual employees. Bernstein admits they might have done that—and, after all, the salaries the unions were paying to the two attorneys were already enough to place them in one of the higher tax brackets (by 1976 Bernstein was receiving $40,000). But neither of these alternatives seemed very attractive to the attorneys—perhaps because neither would have allowed them to share in what Bernstein, with characteristic modesty, calls "potentially the biggest back pay recovery in history."

"In effect," says one lawyer familiar with the litigation, "the Murtha firm was set up as a bag to catch the money."

Even after the new firm's first suits were filed, the Postal Service struggled gamely to bring its computers into line with the FLSA. It failed. In December 1978, four years after the statute had passed, the Postal Service was still violating it, and an angry federal judge threatened to make USPS pay an extra 100 percent of back pay as "liquidated damages."

As the judge's deadline approached, it became clear to all concerned that the government's lawyers were ready neither to perfect their payroll practices nor to go to trial on the remaining legal and factual issues. Instead, they decided to settle out of court. Ratner, Feder and Bernstein had hit the jackpot. When the first suit—involving the quarter-hour rule and other straightforward overtime claims—was settled, it gave Bernstein's firm five percent of the total $42 million that the Post Office agreed to pay his clients. (Bernstein argues that his fees came from a separate fund, rather than out of the workers' recoveries. But as one postal attorney pointed out, "It was all one pie." The Postal Service would presumably just as soon have given a bigger slice to the workers, and a smaller slice to their attorneys, as long as the total size of the pie stayed the same.)

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Even more lucrative, however, was the deal that Bernstein and Feder struck on the cases they *didn't* resolve, involving compensation for study, training, and travel time, of which there were no accurate payroll records. While this agreement settled only one of the many issues of liability, and involved no payments to any postal workers, it did require the Postal Service to hire the Murtha firm to help "develop an administrative procedure... for the processing of claims." Under this "contract," the Postal Service was obligated to pay Bernstein's firm up to $80 an hour for attorneys who would develop a series of "pilot projects" in five cities for the resolution of possible disputes (over, for example, how many hours a given worker had spent studying mail-sorting schemes on his own time). In addition, the government would pay for the Murtha firm's expenses, including Xerox costs, postage, travel, taxis, hotel rooms, meals, and computer services. The agreement set no firm limit on the number of hours for which the government could be billed. All in all, it was an arrangement to make any self-respecting Washington consultant drool. As an added bonus, the Post Office agreed to immediately pay Bernstein's firm an extra $2.5 million to "facilitate their future representation of the plaintiffs."

This "settlement" has proved as profitable in practice as it looks on paper. According to records obtained from the Postal Service through the Freedom of Information Act, Bernstein's "joint venture" has submitted bills since April 1978 for no less than $4.8 million in attorneys' fees, and an additional $266,819 in expenses under the agreement. Of this, $3.3 million has already been paid (the remainder is in dispute).

Out of this sum, of course, the Murtha partners had to pay the salaries of the lawyers they have hired to carry out the required work (at one time Murtha & Associates had 43 attorneys on its payroll billing the government for their services). But under the formula in the agreement, Murtha & Associates was allowed to charge the Postal Service $50 an hour for inexperienced attorneys who were encouraged to bill the government for 2,000 hours apiece, or $100,000 a year. The firm paid these lawyers only $15,000 per year. After this policy prompted the firm's attorneys to unionize, their salaries were raised—to $16,000. So even assuming that fringe benefits and any overhead expenses not already reimbursed by the Postal Service (mainly rent and normal clerical help) amounted to another 100 percent of salary—an extravagant figure—that still means well over $50,000 in profit for every $100,000 Murtha & Associates received. Which leaves the firm a clear profit of over $2.4 million on the contract alone.

The $50,000 Question

All told, the Murtha firm has billed the government for about $10 million under the various parts of the settlement. As one of the firm's five partners, Bernstein's share of the profits so far probably adds up to close to $1 million. The "joint venture" with Feder and Ratner has worked out well—it would have taken Bernstein decades to earn as much at his comfortable union salary.

But don't think he has had to give *that* up, not for a moment. You see, for the entire course of the back pay case, while he was collecting fees as an independent attorney, Bernstein remained on the Laborers' payroll as associate general counsel, drawing salary and expenses averaging about $50,000 a year. Since he has also opened yet another law firm—Connerton, Schulman, and Bernstein—that performs legal work for the Laborers and bills them for it separately, exactly what the union members are getting for their $50,000 is hard to ascertain.

And what of the "claims procedure" that the Murtha firm has developed in order to actually get the postal workers their back pay checks for time spent on "training, travel and study"? Well, it has yet to be agreed on, in part because of the Murtha group's insistence that claims be initiated with the assistance of a lawyer. The matter is now scheduled for arbitration. But close observers of the case are skeptical that a procedure to process individual claims will ever be worked out. "Wait and see," one cautioned me. "Once the firm has milked the contract with the Postal Service for all it's worth, you can bet they'll settle for $600 per worker across the board, and the whole claims procedure they were paid to develop will be scrapped."

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Meanwhile, however, Bernstein has plenty to keep him occupied. After the initial settlements, he discovered additional Postal Service violations of FLSA, and another round of clip-out coupons garnered 200,000 responses. Along with Ratner, he is also trying to enforce a so-called "non-plaintiff's agreement," under which he claims the Postal Service agreed to compensate all 470,000 postal workers on the same terms as Bernstein's initial clients. In all these lawsuits, Bernstein is asking for a cut. "It is unfortunate," he laments, "that the biggest single fair labor standards violation in history should have been caused by an instrumentality of the U.S. government. . . . My guesstimate is that the total liability here could be as high as $2 billion."

Fringe Benefits

Ironically, it is Jules Bernstein's newfound affluence that has enhanced his prominence on the left and given his political colleagues an incentive not to look too critically at where it came from. By all accounts, Bernstein is generous with his money, willing to fund a cause, organization, or artist struggling to make a start. It was Bernstein who sponsored the film festival at last year's AFL-CIO convention that featured the work of new radical filmmakers ("The Wobblies," "With Babies and Banners") along with such old standbys as "Salt of the Earth." When the supporters of the striking chicken-pluckers in Mississippi needed someone to buy a bloc of tickets to a benefit performance of a play about Karen Silkwood, Bernstein was there. Many of the organizations in which he is a leading figure—from the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee to the National Resource Center for Consumers of Legal Services—have been supported by his actual, as well as intellectual, capital. This makes Bernstein the kind of potential patron that potential proteges will try hard to accord the benefit of every doubt.

In Bernstein's case, however, those doubts run deep. They involve not only the mechanics of his recent good fortune, but another, more delicate subject. As one fellow DSOC activist put it, "the unions he has worked for are unions that need lawyers for something other than the practice of labor law." To be less delicate, Bernstein has spent the bulk of his legal career working for two of the most corrupt unions in America. For most lawyers, this fact would only be the occasion for a familiar debate on the adversary system and the right of every man to counsel. But for Bernstein, who draws so much of his moral and political credibility from the causes he represents ("when you're a union lawyer, you can sleep nights"), it's worth looking at exactly what those causes have been.

From 1962 to 1967, Bernstein's client was the Teamsters Union, then under the control of Jimmy Hoffa at the height of his powers. Bernstein is fond of recalling the Teamsters' role in the early civil rights movement—"I was there at a dinner with Hoffa and Andy Young and Martin Luther King when the Teamsters presented SCLC with a big fat check for 25 G's," he told me. But others may remember the '60s as the era in which Hoffa was indicted on a series of racketeering charges—first, for diverting $1,700,000 of a Teamster loan for his personal use, and later for demanding and receiving a kickback of more than a million dollars from Teamster employers. After the second case ended in a hung jury, Hoffa was convicted of bribing one of the jurors, and in 1967, Hoffa went to prison.

Bernstein left the Teamsters in 1967 to go to work for the Laborers, whom he has represented ever since. In so doing he moved to a union with a slightly less sensational, but no less distasteful, reputation than his previous employers. Originally called the Hod-Carriers, the Laborers have traditionally represented workers who do much of the hard hauling and digging on America's construction sites. More recently, the union has added members who perform similarly arduous jobs in the public sector—garbage collectors, for example, or the bulk-mail handlers Bernstein represented in the back pay cases. Not noted for a tradition of grassroots democracy, the union managed not to hold a convention for one 30-year stretch prior to World War II.

The Laborers underwent a much-heralded "revitalization" in the mid-'60s, but in the '70s the publicity was less favorable. In 1975, Bernard Rubin, the leader of two important Florida locals, was convicted of embezzling close to $400,000

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in union funds. Later, an associate of Rubin's, one Joseph Hauser, was discovered to have siphoned off at least $11.7 million from union trust funds around the nation. According to government investigators, these revelations were only the tip of the iceberg. A secret 1978 Justice Department memo to President Carter, first obtained by *Mother Jones* magazine (which is publishing an expose of the union in its August issue) states flatly that current Laborers president Angelo Fosco is "a tool of the crime syndicate."

"In Chicago," the memo continues, "Fosco follows the orders of Al Pilotto and Vincent Solano, two local union presidents who are also LCN [La Cosa Nostra] lieutenants." In Elizabeth, New Jersey, laborers who report for work at the union hiring hall have the honor of being personally chosen, or not chosen, to work by John Riggi, who as reputed head of New Jersey's only home-grown Mafia family and undisputed ruler of Laborers' Local 394 may be the highest ranking organized crime figure to occupy a workaday union position in this country. The FBI files describe the usual assortment of practices that accompany such infiltration—extortion of employers, sale of "sweetheart" contracts in exchange for kickbacks, favored treatment for workers willing to engage in illegal activity on the side.

Nothing in the *Mother Jones* article, or in my own limited inquiry, links Jules Bernstein himself to any of this activity. Nor, apparently, does it interrupt his peaceful sleep. When asked about the charges of corruption in the Laborers, he responds with poise: "I don't pay too much attention to that kind of stuff. Union officials are people who are disturbers of the status quo. They can't hope to have everyone love them, and, naturally, accusations will be made. You can't spend all your time worrying about that, because it gets so that you can't do your job."

It must be tempting for Bernstein's left-wing friends to give him the benefit of this doubt too—to overlook the annoying persistence of corruption among his employers in light of the broad "progressive" role of unions in general. Before they do, though, they might think about who pays for the illegal practices of the men whom Bernstein represents. It is the worker, after all, who must kick back part of his daily wage to the boss who runs the crooked hiring hall, who must pay for the phony insurance claims used to supplement the income of corrupt officials, who must come up with the dues used to support their friends in ceremonial "international representative" positions. It's the union member who sees his pension money lost or stolen in rigged investments. Jules Bernstein can work up a healthy lather condemning Love Canal, and the threat to safety posed by the "abuse of corporate power," but he will defend with equanimity a union in which the dues of half-a-million laborers pay for a safety department consisting of exactly one part-time official. He will rail against the "union-busting industry," but is it union-busters or men like John Riggi and Angelo Fosco who are responsible for unionism's declining appeal—to the extent that only 20 cents of every construction dollar spent in 1979 went into union shops, down from a figure of 60 cents just a decade earlier? Bernstein prefers not to be concerned. "These are good, hard-working trade unionists who care about their members," he asserts.

At some point, you stop giving Jules Bernstein the benefit of the doubt.

Letterhead Socialism

To many organizations on the left, of course, Bernstein's connections with the *right* wing of the American labor movement (the Laborers endorsed Nixon in '72) are precisely what make him so prized. "Most of our members are where you would expect them to be," says DSOC's chief spokesman, Michael Harrington. "They come from Jerry Wurf, from Doug Fraser, from Wimpy [William Winpisinger, president of the Machinists]. Jules links us to people we would otherwise have little contact with." Frequently cited, in this connection, is Bernstein's influence with Robert Georgine, president of the AFL-CIO's Building Trades division. "I remember the Democratic Agenda meeting in 1979," recalls Harrington, "where you had Wimpy and Georgine sharing a platform. . . Jules and Victor Kamber [former chief AFL-CIO lobbyist] were responsible for that, but then Jules is responsible for Kamber's links to DSOC." Bernstein performed a similar function for

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Big Business Day, on whose letterhead Robert Georgine's name appears alongside Michael Harrington's, Arthur Schlesinger's, and Ed ("Lou Grant") Asner's.

In the light of these prodigious feats of linkage, Bernstein's socialist colleagues profess no distress at either his recent rise to riches or his long-time employers. "The thing about Jules," says DSOC national director Jim Chapin, "is that as he did better for himself, his politics got better, unlike the usual case." Says Harrington, "I'm not bothered by the union he works for, particularly because he's so up front about his politics. If I felt he was shaving, or adapting his politics, I would be bothered."

If I were Michael Harrington, I would be bothered. I would be bothered, first, by the money. The point is not simply that socialists shouldn't be allowed to be rich—though I confess to some disorientation when I asked Bernstein if he would be allowed to make his current income "after the revolution" and he answered, "I should hope not.... I happen to believe we shouldn't have this tremendous disparity between rich and poor. That's one of the major problems in this country and the world." The point isn't even that any way I cut it, I come to the conclusion that Bernstein made his fortune at the expense of the taxpayers and the postal workers he represents.

The point is, rather, the way in which Bernstein represents, in exaggerated, comic-opera form, a more general attitude among the lawyers and lobbyists who pass for "the left" in Washington. That's because Bernstein's defense against charges of hypocrisy is a practical one. "Look," Bernstein will say (as he said to me), "if people are to have justice there has to be funding for it. This is the only way the underprivileged are going to be represented." The same logic has led other "public interest" lawyers to spend more than a decade trying to convince courts to award them "reasonable attorneys' fees" whenever their lawsuits "confer a substantial public benefit." But "reasonable attorneys' fees" is a term of art, and what was "reasonable" for an idealistic lawyer has undergone a subtle transformation in the past 35 years. Once upon a time labor lawyers like Bernstein measured their incomes against those of the workers they represented, and felt embarrassed; now they compare their fees against Covington and Burling's, and feel deprived. Today, what is a "reasonable" fee for a public interest lawyer may be fixed with some precision: sufficiently below the market rate to maintain a sense of sacrifice, but not too low to pay for a townhouse in Dupont Circle.

Bernstein has simply carried this attitude to its logical conclusion. He will claim, half-heartedly, that the rates he charged the Postal Service were "relatively modest" compared with the fees charged by the corporate law firms who work on the management side. But he knows that few corporate law firms have a contract guaranteeing that their adversaries will purchase three- to four-million dollars' worth of their admittedly more expensive hours. Deep down, Bernstein has convinced himself of something else: that lawyers like himself deserve to make a bundle, that they are, in fact, properly motivated by that prospect. "Lawyers make big fees all the time," he explains. "So what's the story?"

Well, the story is that the left was supposed to be different. The enduring appeal of the left is the possibility it holds out for a radically altered society in which virtues like democracy, altruism, and patriotism play a much larger role, and the quest for money a much more limited one. And the enduring failure of the left has been its inability to make any such vision seem plausible to more than a handful of Americans. Looking at Jules Bernstein, it's easy to understand why—because the most convincing argument *against* the socialist vision may be the way professed socialists like Bernstein live their lives. The public is hardly crazy, after all, to distrust such a man when he says he is fighting for a society where he would be denied his $300,000 house, his $30 lunches, and his Ben Shahn originals.

Chain Links

If I were Harrington, I'd also worry about the "links" that men like Jules Bernstein are so good at providing. Those links can connect, to be sure, but they can also imprison. One example should do.

The story begins with an attempt by lawyers in Ralph Nader's Public Citizen organization to bring a suit challenging a

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dues increase imposed by the Teamsters national convention, meeting in Las Vegas in 1976, on the various Teamster locals. To appreciate the significance of the suit, it is necessary to understand that, in many unions, the power to deny a dues increase may be the only remaining lever members have in their efforts to shake up an entrenched hierarchy. Challenging a union leader for his office requires openness and invites retribution. By law, however, local dues elections must be conducted by secret ballot. So it was an important step when unions like the Teamsters began asserting the power to raise "minimum" local dues without going through the messy formality of a rank and file election. Since there was a good argument that the move was illegal, Nader's Teamster reform group, PROD, planned a court challenge to try and get the secret ballot requirement reinstated.

Before bringing the suit, however, PROD's attorneys decided to "touch base" with a few prominent labor lawyers, just to play it safe. Among the lawyers invited to a meeting at Public Citizen's headquarters were Stephen Schlossberg, then general counsel of the United Auto Workers, Larry Gold, special counsel of the AFL-CIO, and Jules Bernstein.

What transpired at the meeting is the subject of varying shades of interpretation, depending on whom you talk to. But it appears that the union lawyers, led by Schlossberg, had a definite message for the Nader people: The Teamsters' suit would mean the end of the "friendship" between labor and the Nader organizations. According to some participants, Schlossberg threatened not only to cut off labor support for Nader's most precious goal, a Consumer Protection Agency, but also to see to it that Public Citizen's ability to raise funds was undermined. Schlossberg got so furious at one point that he threw books and overturned a table to make his point. Schlossberg denies making any "threats," saying he only told the Nader people that bringing the dues suit "was not a friendly act. . . and in the future if we were in a coalition with them we would understand it to be a coalition with our enemies." He admitted, however, that he "may have gotten a little excited," believing that the Nader suit against the Teamsters would also complicate the means by which the UAW raised local dues. Either way, the union lawyers' message got through, and the suit was never brought.

Three years later, however, a similar suit was threatened by dissidents from the Teamsters and Laborers unions in Alaska, where the oil pipeline boom had left union officials sitting on huge pots of pension money, which they were allegedly frittering away in questionable real estate transactions. The dissidents asked PROD organizer Steve Early to fly to Alaska to help them track down precisely what was happening to their dues and pension funds, using records that by law are available to union members. This time it was Bernstein who took the lead in opposing the reform effort, after his newly founded "public interest" firm was hired to look after the not-so-public interests of the Alaskan unions. When hostile letters to PROD's Washington attorney, Arthur Fox, failed to keep Early from boarding the plane, Bernstein—according to Fox—tracked down Fox's boss, chief Nader litigator Alan Morrison, in Massachusetts, and made the familiar threat to do everything he could to destroy labor's alliance with the Nader organizations, a message that Morrison duly transmitted to his subordinate. (Morrison, for his part, acknowledges discussing the matter with Bernstein but claims "no recollection" of any threats.) This time, however, the technique didn't work. Early went to Alaska, and the dissidents filed their lawsuit. Bernstein has asked at least one other Teamster dissident group to try to pressure the Alaska workers into dropping their case, with no success so far. The Laborers, however, will be well represented in Alaska, though it will not come cheap. In fact, it may cost $100,000, Bernstein has said, for him to handle the case.

In the end, Jules Bernstein will tell you that his recent wealth simply helps him to further his political ideals. "Money is power in this country," he says, "and there should be some on the side of decency." But in measuring Bernstein's contributions to decency, we should look at both sides of the political coalitions he builds and finances. Thanks to Jules Bernstein, Robert Georgine and Michael Harrington have shared a platform in Washington. At the same time, thanks to Jules Bernstein, members of the Teamsters and Laborers have a little less control over their unions. It doesn't seem like a very good bargain. ■

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I WAS SITTING IN THIS BAR IN LUXEMBOURG...

. . . and he said, 'Let's go to Katanga'

by Jan Knippers Black

The cast of characters at Kinshasa's Intercontinental Hotel was worthy of Graham Greene: missionaries and mercenaries, newsmen and con men, diplomatic troubleshooters and Middle East oil magnates. Encountering this motley collection in Zaire some months ago, I had a powerful sense of *deja vu*. In many ways, it was a replay of a scene in which I had appeared nearly 20 years earlier as a perplexed walk-on. Actors and scripts may change, but roles and plots seem to remain the same, confirming for me that the United States is congenitally incapable of learning anything from past experience.

In the summer of 1961, a naive 21-year-old woman from rural Tennessee vagabonding across Europe, I stumbled upon a nest of Americans at the Hotel Dolphin in Luxembourg. They turned out to be the managers and crewmen of two non-scheduled airlines called Intercontinental and Seven Seas. For several days, I sat in the Dolphin's bar at cocktail hour, entranced by the spectacle of the crews staggering in. "Hotter than a pistol in Singapore today," they would say. Or: "You haven't seen a mob scene until you've seen Cairo." Finally, one of the Seven Seas co-pilots, amused at my wide-eyed wonder, turned to me and asked if I'd like to go to Katanga. "Sure," I said. "Where's that?"

Jan Knippers Black is a political scientist at the University of New Mexico.

They told me, more or less, but time was short and there were things to do. I was rushed into Brussels for a visa and a yellow fever shot, back-dated. I asked about a ticket. No problem, they said; I would be a guest of the airline. This is terrific, I thought. Nobody bothered to tell me there was a war going on in Katanga.

The flight, in a seasoned four-engine propeller plane, took nearly 30 hours, including stopovers in Algiers and Kano, Nigeria. The stopover in Algiers was memorable because it set the tone for the entire adventure. The plane was surrounded by surly policemen who kept their machine guns pointed at the cabin door, and we were not allowed to disembark. The front section of the plane, filled with crates of howling dogs, added a touch of surrealism. I don't remember why the dogs were aboard. I'm not sure anybody knew.

My introduction to the complex conflict in the Congo began at the Elizabethville airport, where we were met by United Nations troops. The soldiers were fair-haired and pink-cheeked, confused and obviously frightened European boys even younger than I was. They were full of horror stories about nuns being chopped to pieces in broad daylight in the middle of the city. This gave me pause, but I was still anxious to get out into the countryside. My airline hosts, however, kept me on a short leash. I thought our hotel—the Leopold, a busy but elegant and unfrenzied place—

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was altogether too safe to be interesting. It was blown up a few weeks later.

The first problem arose when we made ready to leave Elizabethville. There were few flights out of the country (planes had a habit of running into bullets on take-off) and there was a long list of whites waiting desperately to get out. I had no ticket and no apparent reason for being there in the first place. This brought me to the attention of the local troops working for Moise Tshombe, who controlled the breakaway province of Katanga, and they treated me with suspicion. I learned that I was to be detained. At the last minute, the Seven Seas crew found me a stewardess uniform and put me aboard the plane. I played my role gratefully, spilling coffee and wine all over the passengers on the 30-hour trip back to Luxembourg.

At the time, the Katanga trip seemed merely a bizarre adventure, something worth telling about back in Tennessee. But as the years went by I became more and more curious about the intrigue in which I had been involved. A State Department official in Hong Kong told me Seven Seas Airlines really had been working for the United Nations. A businessman in Morocco told me Seven Seas really had been working for Tshombe. And then I ran across the son of the man who had identified himself to me as the manager of Seven Seas. The son confirmed what I already suspected: his father, now retired, was a career CIA officer. Both Intercontinental and Seven Seas had belonged to the CIA, he said, and on that occasion in 1961 Seven Seas had indeed been under overt charter to the U.N., but covertly—without the knowledge even of most State Department officials—had been put at the disposal of Tshombe. He recalled my escapade; he said the U.S. authorities in Katanga had been much embarassed by their inability to tell Tshombe who I was, and, after my unauthorized departure, I was declared persona non grata.

Et Tu, Mobutu?

In May 1978, the Congo—now Zaire—and its secessionist province, Katanga—now Shaba—were once again in the headlines. Lunda and Baluba tribesmen had invaded Shaba, and from the cry that went up in the White House you might have thought they were marching on Atlanta. A similar invasion of Shaba the previous year had caused hardly a ripple of concern in Washington. Why should this latest tribal conflict in the heart of Africa be seen as a crisis for the United States?

Considering the highly publicized posture of the Carter administration on the issue of human rights, a first assumption might be that Washington was disturbed by reports that human rights were being violated. Certainly they were. On the other hand, this had been the norm for the area ever since King Leopold II of Belgium had gotten possessive about it in the 1880s. He administered the colony as his personal estate, and the miners of Katanga worked under a very compelling productivity-incentive program: a miner who failed to meet his quota ran the risk of having a hand chopped off.

When the Congo declared independence in June 1960, old colonialists and neo-colonialists alike rushed in to grab whatever they could before it was too late. The United States took a firm public stand against colonialism of any kind, but at the same time the CIA went to work plotting the assassination of nationalist leader Patrice Lumumba, as we were to learn many years after the fact. The CIA also collaborated with the Belgians and their puppet, Moise Tshombe, in a scheme to take control of Katanga—at least until Lumumba could be removed from the scene and the entire Congo brought under more acceptable leadership.

The most important local asset of the United States in this sorry plot was General Joseph Mobutu. He staged a coup in September 1960, closed the fledgling Congolese parliament, and obliged the CIA by having Lumumba captured and transported to Katanga, where he was murdered by Tshombe's soldiers. (All this finally became a matter of record in 1975 as the result of investigations by the Senate Intelligence Committee.)

Mobutu remains the ruler of Zaire today, reportedly amassing vast personal wealth while the people he rules struggle to cope with a rapidly unraveling economy. Zaire's annual inflation rate hovers these days at nearly 200 percent, and the purchasing power of the urban worker, even with wage increases, dropped 74 percent between 1960 and 1976, according to

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political scientist Guy Gran. Those fortunate enough to be employed at all constitute a minority of the able-bodied population. And "able-bodied" itself may be a misnomer, since most Zairians suffer from malnutrition. The World Health Organization says half the children born in rural areas of Zaire can expect to die before reaching the age of five.

Zaire's foreign debt, meanwhile, has climbed to about $4 billion, of which more than a fourth is owed to U.S. banks or to the U.S. government. Neither borrowed money nor earnings from exports trickles down far enough to benefit most ordinary citizens. Zaire takes in more than $400 million a year from the export of coffee, but an estimated three fourths of that is diverted to private overseas bank accounts. Several of those nameless accounts reportedly belong to Mobutu, and Zaire specialists rank him as one of the seven or eight richest men in the world.

Given this sad state of affairs, and recognizing the Carter administration's principled stand on human rights, it can be reported that when tribal warfare broke out in 1978 the United States saw an opportunity to curb Mobutu's abuses. Right? Wrong. The Carter administration in fact moved to save Mobutu's regime from dismemberment.

As if there were nothing to be learned from the failures of European colonialism and from our own efforts to pick up where the Europeans left off, the United States in 1978 joined forces with Belgium and France to intervene in Zaire once again. As has been the pattern in several U.S. military interventions—the Congo in 1964, the Dominican Republic in 1965, for example—the initial excuse was to protect innocent lives. But it soon appeared that our allies, especially Zairian government troops and French foreign legionnaires, were killing more innocents than the invaders were. The congressional subcommittee on Africa reported, for instance, that Zairian troops flown into Shaba aboard American C-130 transports slaughtered nearly a thousand local civilians in Kolwezi soon after deplaning.

This was no mission to compete for hearts and minds. This was strictly a for-whites-only project, in which the citizens of Shaba were treated as the enemy and were assumed to be sympathetic to the invaders—a reasonable assumption, since many of the invaders were fathers, brothers, cousins, and friends who had previously been driven out of Shaba. The Zairian government troops maintained control with a straightforward reign of terror.

It was painfully clear from the start that the first priority of our mission to Shaba was to protect not people but copper and cobalt and diamonds. This was a difficult undertaking, because the undisciplined Zairian troops were not considered trustworthy. On the other hand, it wouldn't go over well—on television especially—to pack Shaba with French and Belgian soldiers. Accordingly, the idea of a "pan-African peacekeeping force" was floated. The reliable Moroccan monarchy agreed to participate, but elsewhere in Africa the proposal was resoundingly rejected—much as a similar idea for an "inter-American peacekeeping force" had been rejected by Latin Americans when the U.S. was trying to extricate itself from the Dominican Republic.*

But the unseemly scramble to "protect" Shaba's mineral wealth doesn't fully explain why the White House was so worried about events in Zaire. After all, the Belgians—still the major foreign shareholders in Shaba's mines—had permitted representatives of the invading group, the Front for the National Liberation of the Congo, to maintain offices in Brussels. Our allies the Belgians were, it seemed, prepared to deal with the invaders had they succeeded. If the Belgians weren't worrying, why should we?

The answer is that the Belgians weren't faced with a crisis unique to American politics. Who do you suppose supported the invasion of Shaba? *Communists.* That's who. And that transformed a remote struggle into a test of wills between the superpowers—something which it seems every U.S. president must face at one time or another in all kinds of places under all sorts of guises.

Two weeks after the invasion of Shaba, President Carter charged Fidel Castro

*We never learn in Latin America either. Before the fall of Somoza, the Carter administration revived the idea of an inter-American force to control the strife in Nicaragua. The proposal was turned down by the Organization of American States (OAS). A few months later, in the wake of the flap about the Russian troops in Cuba, the Carter administration tried—unsuccessfully—to revive the idea.

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Curfew? No curfew, we were told. But Mobutu's troops were not being paid regularly, so they were driving around at night looking for people to rob.

with complicity in the attack. With Zbigniew Brzezinski setting the tone, the administration unleashed a volley of on-the-record and off-the-record statements angrily "responding" to the latest "evidence" of Cuban/Russian mischief-making on the Dark Continent.

It turned out, however, that the evidence was inconclusive, forcing the administration to retreat to the peevish argument that the Cubans could have done more to *stop* the invaders. The way this argument went, the Cubans had trained them, and so had a responsibility for controlling them. Well, okay, the Cubans undoubtedly weren't under the illusion that their trainees were going to be used for traffic control. On the other hand, some of the very same people had been previously trained by Americans and Belgians for the purpose of breaking Katanga loose from the Congo. We'd had a hard time controlling our trainees; why shouldn't the Cubans be permitted to have a hard time controlling theirs?

The administration's case wasn't bolstered by the disclosure that Brzezinski and CIA Director Stansfield Turner had approached members of Congress prior to the Shaba invasion with a suggestion that Congress consider relaxing restrictions on presidential wars. Brzezinski and Turner had reportedly wanted to use Zaire as a base from which to revive the clandestine war against the Angolan government. If Congress could be persuaded that the remote struggle in Shaba was really a looming confrontation with Moscow, perhaps the restrictions would be lifted. Congress, momentarily lucid between elections, was not persuaded. Strangely enough, the rumors of war issuing from the National Security Adviser's office ceased shortly thereafter, although the turmoil in Shaba continued.

Ripples from Seven Seas

Arriving at Kinshasa International Airport in the summer of 1978, my husband and I were immediately set upon by a crowd of shouting men with outstretched hands, demanding tips, bribes, or protection money. The reasons for their desperation were soon clear. At the official exchange rate, our cabfare for the 20-minute ride to the hotel came to $50. In downtown Kinshasa we found the skyscraping shells of a modern city hovering incongruously over ragged people begging—and mugging—on the sidewalks below. By early evening the streets were deserted. We assumed there was a curfew and asked about it. There's no curfew, we were told. What, then? We learned that Mobutu's troops were not being paid regularly, so they were driving around at night in their trucks and jeeps, looking for people to rob. A tourist agile enough to avoid the marauding soldiers could expect to be set upon by unemployed civilians who had taken to stealing in order to eat. I felt momentarily nostalgic for Seven Seas Airlines. I would gladly have borrowed one of their stewardess uniforms again, if they would only rescue us. As things turned out, we didn't see anybody from Seven Seas. We only saw what they had left behind. ■

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

Many members of the White House staff will tell you that they expect **Jack Watson** to be a more effective chief of staff than **Hamilton Jordan**, opening up the circle of Carter advisers who are listened to, riding herd on a number of projects instead of being preoccupied with one or two.... On the other hand, Watson's popularity with the bright young Ivy League, East Coast, types who populate the middle echelons of the White House is exactly what, in the past, has caused Jordan and the members of Carter's true inner circle to distrust him.... All of which leads us to wonder if Watson might not wind up the victim of a classic bureaucratic maneuver: He has been temporarily promoted out of his position as state government liaison into a seemingly superior position. But in the meantime his old job has been filled by an equally popular figure, **Gene Eidenberg.** So when Jordan returns in four months (assuming Carter is reelected), where is Watson to go?... The matter may be resolved if Watson chooses that moment to strike out in politics for himself....

In

WHITE HOUSE

Chief of Staff—**Jack H. Watson, Jr.** has been assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs and Secretary to the Cabinet.

Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs and Secretary to the Cabinet—**Eugene Eidenberg** (see May "Who's Who" introduction) has been Jack Watson's deputy.

Associate Director for Energy and Natural Resources, Domestic Policy Staff—**Erica Ward** has been assistant to Energy Department general counsel Lynn Coleman.

Associate Director for Economic Policy, Domestic Policy Staff—**Joshua Gotbaum** was executive assistant to Alfred Kahn, chairman of the Council on Wage and Price Stability.

EDUCATION

Director, National Institute of Education—**P. Michael Timpane** has been acting director of the institute.

JUSTICE

Executive Assistant Director for Administration, FBI—**Lee Colwell**, who has been Chief of Investigations, will assume the FBI's top administrative post.

STATE

Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs—**William J. Dyess** has been deputy to the assistant secretary for Public Affairs.

Assistant Secretary for International Organizational Affairs—**Richard Lee McCall, Jr.** was deputy staff director of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Press Spokesman—**John Trattner** has been executive assistant to deputy secretary of State Warren Christopher.

Ambassador to Gambia—**Larry G. Piper** was executive director of the executive secretariat at the State Department.

Ambassador to Guinea—**Allen C. Davis** has been deputy chief of mission in Kinshasa, Zaire.

Ambassador to Kenya—**William C. Harrop** was deputy assistant secretary of State for African Affairs.

Ambassador to Nepal—**Phillip R. Trimble** has been deputy mayor for intergovernmental relations of New York City.

Ambassador to Sierra Leone—**Theresa Ann Healy** has been deputy chief of mission in Wellington, New Zealand.

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Ambassador to the Sudan—**C. William Kontos** has been special representative of the President and director of the Sinai Support Mission.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Civil Aeronautics Board
Member—**James R. Smith** has been director of the Sarasota/Bradenton airport in Florida.

General Services Administration
Director, National Archives and Record Service—**Robert M. Warner** has been director of the Bentley Historical Library, University of Michigan.

National Labor Relations Board
Member—**Don A. Zimmerman** has been chief minority counsel of the Senate Labor Committee.

Out

White House
Chief of Staff—**Hamilton Jordan** will direct the Carter reelection campaign.

Associate Director for National Security and International Affairs, Office of Management and Budget—**Edward R. Jayne** will become Corporate Director for Aerospace, Planning and Operations Analysis for General Dynamics Corporation.

Assistant Director for Legislative Affairs, OMB—**Hubert L. Harris, Jr.** will be the executive vice president of Associated Builders and Contractors Inc.

Health and Human Services
Administrator, Health Care Financing Administration—**Leonard D. Schaeffer** will be executive vice president and chief operating adviser for the Student Loan Marketing Association.

State Department
Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs—**Richard N. Cooper** has accepted a professorship at Harvard University.

Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs—**Hodding Carter III** has resigned.

Ambassador to Argentina—**Raul H. Castro** will work on Carter's reelection campaign.

Agencies and Commissions

Federal Trade Commission
Director, Bureau of Competition—**Alfred F. Dougherty, Jr.** will travel to Europe on a fellowship from the Brookings Institution.

Securities and Exchange Commission
Commissioner—**Irving M. Pollack** has retired.

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You're right, Chet. You're right. And you're fired.

Why read about Chester Bowles? Because he was right most of the time and he was ignored most of the time, with tragic results for his country—results we might avoid in the future by understanding why he was right and why he was ignored.

by Harris Wofford

A generation later, it is difficult to recall what Chester Bowles represented to many Americans. Not only had he been right about the Bay of Pigs, for more than a decade he had been laying foundations among the public for a new foreign policy that would point in the opposite direction from the CIA's action in Cuba. Along with Justice Douglas, Bowles had opposed the CIA intervention in Iran to overthrow Prime Minister Mossadegh and bring back the Shah. Although the Kennedys tended to view the former governor, ambassador, congressman, and OPA chief as a liberal ideologue, in his talks around the country and through his writings, Bowles had been able to reach beyond the liberal Democratic constituency to appeal to a wide cross-section of Democrats, Republicans, and independents. For many of them, as for me, Bowles's standing within the administration was a test of the President's intentions in foreign policy.

Harris Wofford, a Philadelphia lawyer who served in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, has known Chester Bowles for almost 30 years, and is the author of Of Kennedys and Kings: Making Sense of the Sixties, *published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, from which this article is adapted.* *© 1980 by Harris Wofford.*

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The week after the defeat at the Bay of Pigs early in 1961, Bowles attended a meeting of the National Security Council at the President's request. It was "the grimmest gathering in my experience in government," Bowles said afterwards. He found the 30 highest officials of the government "emotional, almost savage."

Facing Fidel

The militant "get Castro" mood alarmed Bowles, who noted that Robert Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, as newcomers to the foreign field, were easy targets for the "military-CIA-paramilitary type answers" that predominated in the discussion. Afterwards,"as a friend," Bowles asked to speak to the President, who had appeared to be the calmest man in the meeting. He urged Kennedy to resist the pressure to retaliate and not to let the situation "deteriorate into a head-to-head personal contest between the President of the United States and Fidel Castro."

At a second National Security Council meeting three days later, Bowles argued against proposals that the United States move directly against Castro. Such an invasion, he contended, would "compound the disaster," and "even if it succeeded, Castro would emerge as the hero in what would surely be viewed throughout the world as a struggle between David and Goliath." He felt his argument was brushed aside.

At the third meeting, however, the invasion was dropped. The emphasis was on clandestine harassment and possibly economic sanctions against nations such as Mexico and Brazil, which had voted in the U.N. to condemn the United States. The President vetoed the sanctions, saying that we had no alternative but to live with the humiliation our error had created and respect the attitudes of other nations who had disagreed with our actions.

Later that day Bowles found that the State Department cable drafted for the guidance of all U.S. embassies misrepresented the President's decision and seemed to instruct American envoys to bring pressure on their host governments to cut relations with Castro and sever trade with Cuba. Bowles got Secretary of State Dean Rusk to change the wording to reflect the President's more moderate views.

Encouraged by the President's attitude, Bowles recommended a drastic reform: the dismantling of the CIA and absorption of its non-covert functions by offices directly responsible to the State Department. Soon after the inauguration, he had proposed a more limited reorganization of the CIA, but the Bay of Pigs experience convinced him that a complete change was required. The President, however, was not prepared to take on the CIA in a major political battle, and since he was no more affirmative toward the State Department than toward the CIA, he was unlikely to see their combination as any gain.

The President's and the department's leadership were on trial throughout the spring of 1961 on the issue of Laos, where another Cuban situation, or worse, was developing. Between Kennedy's election and his inauguration, the Far Eastern Bureau of the State Department and the CIA helped to engineer a rightist coup against the neutralist regime of Prince Souvanna Phouma. In the first discussions of Laos within the new administration Bowles urged steps toward neutralization but found a surprising consensus in favor of military intervention if necessary to save the American-backed regime.

At a White House meeting in mid-March, Bowles pressed the Pentagon for its contingency plans in case the Chinese came in to prevent an American military presence just south of their border. In response, he was shown a study that concluded the Chinese could be kept out of Southeast Asia by 300,000 U.S. troops, plus assistance from our allies—but added that at some stage nuclear weapons would probably be required.

Political Pendulum

The thought that America should attempt to "save Laos" by a nuclear attack struck Bowles as preposterous. With the support of Ambassador-at-Large Averell Harriman, he pushed hard for an alternative: American support for the neutralist Souvanna Phouma.

The pendulum swung back and forth between military intervention in Laos and a political solution. To show that his restraint in Cuba during the invasion did

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not mean the United States was going to abandon its friends in Laos, the President, over Bowles's opposition, ordered American military advisers in Laos to wear military uniforms instead of their previous inconspicuous civilian clothes. Then in May, quiet British-Soviet negotiation produced an agreement on a cease-fire and the convening of a 14-nation conference at Geneva to seek a political settlement. Hard-liners contended that the Soviets had agreed to compromise because of the threat of U.S. force. Bowles believed that their readiness to negotiate more likely arose from Moscow's and Hanoi's unwillingness to see Laos "saved" by Chinese intervention. Kennedy was said to have wryly asked how we could expect to stop communism with U.S. troops in Laos if we couldn't do so in Cuba. Harriman was sent to Geneva with instructions not to come back without a settlement. The accords finally reached bought time for the people of Laos, but before long the growing war in South Vietnam spilled over, and the Ho Chi Minh Trail through Laos became a major military problem.

During this period there were other pressures for U.S. military intervention, which Bowles helped to resist. On May 30, 1961, the Dominican dictator, Trujillo, was assassinated with U.S. assistance (which Bowles approved) to those planning the coup, and there was fear that if the United States didn't move in to establish a pro-American regime Castro would take over. On the more critical military front in Europe, Khrushchev began challenging Kennedy in Berlin, and the case was made in high policy-planning circles that to underline American firmness (especially after Cuba) the President should send heavily armored convoys up the Autobahn to Berlin. Bowles attacked this as a provocative game of Russian roulette.

'Militarized Liberals'

Looking back on the first six months of the Kennedy administration, Bowles was uneasy. American armed forces had not been sent into action in Cuba, Indochina, the Dominican Republic, or on the Autobahn, but all of these affairs were cliffhangers. He was concerned about the narrow perspectives of the "military mind," and the undue influence military leaders had on political questions. But that did not fully explain the tendency of the Democratic administration to reach for military answers to political problems. Bowles thought "militarized liberals" were in part a reaction to years of being charged with softness on communism. However, a larger reason for the narrow escapes, he began to fear, was the new administration's—and Kennedy's—lack of "a genuine sense of conviction about what is right and wrong." After one particularly disturbing White House session, Bowles wrote in his journal:

"Anyone in public life who has strong convictions about the rights and wrongs of public morality, both domestic and international, has a very great advantage in times of strain, since his instincts on what to do are clear and immediate. Lacking such a framework of moral conviction or sense of what is right and what is wrong, he is forced to lean almost entirely on his mental processes; he adds up the plusses and minuses of any question and comes up with a conclusion. Under normal conditions, when he is not tired or frustrated, this pragmatic approach should successfully bring him out on the right side of the question.

"What worries me are the conclusions that such an individual may reach when he is tired, angry, frustrated or emotionally affected. The Cuban fiasco demonstrates how far astray a man as brilliant and well-intentioned as President Kennedy can go who lacks a basic moral reference point."

From Bowles's standpoint, Kennedy was soon to go further astray.

In late June, Bowles gave Rusk a detailed, well-argued memorandum reviewing their first six months and proposing new directions for American foreign policy. Reading it nearly 20 years later in Bowles's book, *Promises to Keep*, I feel as I did when he showed it to me in draft form: What a different history there might be if American foreign policy would ever really go in the direction he pointed!

Although Rusk may not have disagreed with Bowles's specific prescriptions for China, Southeast Asia, southern Africa, or Latin America, the whole approach was the antithesis of how the Secretary operated. According to Samuel Lewis, a perceptive young foreign service officer, Rusk was an orderly "staff man" who believed in

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Bowles warned Kennedy about the Bay of Pigs, Indochina and Berlin. One day Kennedy invited him over for a swim in the White House pool. 'Chet,' he asked, 'how would you like to be ambassador to Chile?'

the organization over which he presided, trusted the experts who made it up, and was conscious "of the limited power of men to alter broad courses of events." In contrast, Bowles was impatient with the career staff's endemic caution, and confident of "the power of talented men to make a real imprint on the tides of history if they boldly strike out to do so."

In his memorandum to Rusk, Bowles had said that "there are two ways for the State Department to deal with the President. One is to find out where we think he is going and to help him get there. The other is to determine what we think is right for him to do, and then vigorously and thoughtfully to present our case, even though he may disagree with it and even though our views may on occasion bring us into conflict with the Pentagon and other agencies. This latter approach is, I believe, the only responsible course." It was a course that Rusk was probably constitutionally unable to take.

Bowles's effort boomeranged. In early July, Rusk told his undersecretary: "Last night, I was thinking of the frustrating job you have and how unhappy it must make you." Instead of responding to the memorandum on new directions, Rusk asked, "Why don't you free yourself from the department and take on the job of roving ambassador?" When Bowles asked him to say frankly whether this was his or the President's idea, Rusk said it was Kennedy's.

The President promptly invited Bowles to lunch, took him for a swim in the White House pool and then upstairs to the family quarters, and outlined his thinking. According to Bowles, Kennedy said that he might have made a mistake in not making Bowles Secretary of State, and that if he had done so, things might have been different. However, Rusk was Secretary, and the department had not come through with the new policy changes the President had wanted. This called for some changes. While he knew the shortcomings of the department could not reasonably be blamed on Bowles, the Undersecretary was the logical target. He asked Bowles whether he would like to be ambassador to Chile. Bowles said he wasn't interested in an embassy, but would like to come back and tell the President in detail what he had been trying to do in the State Department and what he thought the problems were. They agreed to meet again the following week.

When Bowles described these conversations to me, I was astounded. That he should be the scapegoat for the department's weaknesses, which he was trying more than anyone else to overcome, seemed too absurd to believe. Vividly remembering Pierre Salinger's fury against Bowles at the time of the Cuban invasion, I could not help thinking that Bowles's opposition then was a major factor behind this action ten weeks later. Press accounts had described Robert Kennedy as angrily accosting Bowles at a White House meeting, jamming his fingers into Bowles's stomach, and saying that Bowles may have been against the landing once but he better damn well be for it now. Bowles said there had been no such physical assault but that Bob's anger had been made very clear. It seemed to be the kind of case Bowles had rightly feared: in the aftermath of a humiliating defeat, tired, angry, frustrated peo-

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ple, without a basic moral reference point, were striking out at the wrong target.

What made it so confounding was the President's own strong and convincing statements agreeing with Bowles's basic approach. In a blow-by-blow account to Adlai Stevenson (then in Italy), Bowles wrote of the luncheon with Kennedy, "I have never heard the President talk as thoughtfully and passionately on foreign affairs. He said precisely the things you and I have been advocating for years, and he said them well." Stevenson, by telephone, and others of us close to Bowles in Washington, urged Bowles to stand and fight and not quietly resign and take an ambassadorship. I wrote and hand-delivered to the President a memorandum arguing that firing Bowles would be a serious mistake—a setback to the United States in the world (because Bowles was the most positive symbol of American support for developing nations), at home (because it would signal that the administration was rejecting progressive thinking), and within the State Department (where Bowles deserved credit for trying to introduce new people and new ideas). I added: "You need someone who, from the time he wakes up in the morning until he goes to sleep, knows that the Cuban invasion is wrong and that our new position on Angola is right... someone who, if given a chance, will argue strongly from this special view of the world... I do not mean that you should always take Bowles's advice—but it needs to be there steadily, and to be heard."

I knew this was not a memorandum the President would like. Kennedy skimmed through the memorandum, nodded, said he would read it; in two days he was to see Bowles again and decide what to do.

Hapless Victim

During those days, newspapers carried front-page stories about Bowles's impending resignation. The President's close friend, columnist Charles Bartlett, asserted that numerous foreign service officers were angry at Bowles because so many senior men had been asked to retire, and that they were "after his scalp." Joseph Alsop and Rowland Evans joined the fray: "highly placed White House spokesmen" were said to charge that Bowles was at home only with "big thoughts," and "members of Kennedy's political staff" were said to carry a grudge against him because of his refusal in 1960 to campaign against Humphrey in Wisconsin. At a Georgetown dinner, McGeorge Bundy said to the State Department's legal adviser (and fellow Harvard faculty colleague), Abram Chayes, that no one in the White House knew precisely who was responsible for the lack of direction and initiative in the State Department but that changes would have to be made, and "you can't change Rusk." To fire Rusk after only six months would reflect on the President's judgment in picking him; that left Bowles the natural one to go. Arthur Schlesinger was to write that Bowles was "the hapless victim of the conditions which he had diagnosed better than anybody else."

When Bowles returned to Kennedy on July 17, he showed the President several basic foreign policy memoranda he had written, including his warning against the Cuban landing. Saying that none of these had reached him, Kennedy read them, conveyed a strong interest, and said that Bowles should proceed with his plans for a series of meetings with American ambassadors in Africa, the Middle East, and Asia. On his return they would continue their discussions about the department; meanwhile, the President said he would make a public statement confirming that Bowles was staying on as undersecretary.

Pierre Salinger's press briefing, however, was far from reassuring. Saying that Bowles's resignation was "not currently expected," Salinger muttered off-the-record to at least one newsman that he might not be around for very long. But on Bowles's return in late August, he found Kennedy warm, friendly, and full of good questions; the President asked him for a private memorandum outlining the changes he would recommend in the department. For a while there was no further talk of his displacement as undersecretary.

Then a widely syndicated column by Joseph Alsop stirred the issue again. Kennedy and Rusk were ridiculed for allowing themselves to be manipulated by Bowles and a lot of "wild liberals." Alsop added that the President "would have made no audible protest if Bowles had suddenly decided to join a community of Indian swamis on his recent visit to his favorite

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subcontinent."

Knowing Alsop's influence with both John and Robert Kennedy, I feared the column's effect. Robert Kennedy seemed particularly drawn to Alsop's approach. The President's attitude toward Bowles's old foe was ambivalent. The President probably agreed more with Bowles than with Rusk, which is what Alsop feared. Kennedy "liked Bowles, liked most of his ideas, and liked most of his personnel recommendations," and "felt the men recommended by Bowles had done better than Rusk's," wrote Ted Sorensen later. "Kennedy was not motivated by any criticisms that Bowles was too 'soft,' or too naive, or had attempted to clear himself of responsibility for the Bay of Pigs failure." The undersecretary had amassed a powerful coalition of determined opponents, but "the foreign service cliques, the CIA professionals, the Pentagon generals and the right-wing editorials were all opposed to Bowles for the wrong reasons." For the President, according to Sorensen, it was just a matter of "better matching men and jobs."

This account omits the role of Robert Kennedy. From the time he entered the White House discussions on the second day of the Cuban invasion, he was infuriated by Bowles's lack of anti-Castro militancy. After the debacle, Bowles presented to the National Security Council a restrained department paper on Cuba that Bob Kennedy called "a disgrace." When a new Cuba task force, led by Maxwell Taylor and Robert Kennedy, took as their basic premise that "there can be no long-term living with Castro as a neighbor," Bowles was an obvious dissenter. In June the Attorney General had still not discarded the idea of sending in troops. "Maybe that is the answer," he wrote. "Only time will tell." He proposed that John Connally become the assistant secretary for Latin America: "Not an expert in the field, but at least he is a man of action." As for Bowles, the Attorney General concluded that he must be removed from his key post. After Bowles, as acting secretary of state, in Rusk's and the President's absence in Europe, blocked a plan the Attorney General favored for an immediate, limited military intervention in the Dominican Republic to assure a friendly regime there, Robert Kennedy called Bowles a gutless bastard.

When the President didn't remove Bowles in July, Robert Kennedy (unknown to any of us at the time) kept pressing the point. After receiving a glowing account of Bowles's performance at the conference of American ambassadors in Africa, the Attorney General wrote his brother that "this is the kind of thing Bowles should be doing all the time." On Thanksgiving weekend, 1961, the President made his move. The "Thanksgiving Massacre" occurred swiftly. A few hours before Salinger was to announce sweeping changes in the State Department, Bowles was informed by Rusk that George Ball would take his place, and he would be offered an ambassadorship.

Lights Out

Bowles's first reaction was that he should leave the administration. "A complete break would set me free to spell out publicly the weaknesses in our foreign policy and in our State Department organization, the dangers of our increasingly military-oriented approach," he wrote. That was exactly what Kennedy feared. To prevent it, the President asked Sorensen to stand by with a political fire extinguisher and "hold his hand a little, as one 'liberal' to another." In *Kennedy,* Sorensen describes how late that Sunday afternoon he found Bowles alone in the all-but-empty State Department building, determined to "resign and speak his mind." The President's emissary "shared his grief... admired his efforts. It grew darker and darker, but neither of us moved to turn on the lights." Sorensen convinced Bowles that in spite of everything, the President genuinely wanted him to stay on as a roving ambassador. Bowles said he could only consider that if he had specific responsibilities for the formulation of foreign policy, working directly with the President. Sorensen telephoned Kennedy and a proposal was made which Bowles finally accepted: he would become the President's Special Representative and Adviser for Asian, African, and Latin American Affairs. When Bowles spoke with the President, he expressed his concern whether there was enough personal rapport to make the new post worthwhile. He was not "the tough, terse, yes-or-no

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type" that the President apparently found it easiest to work with, he said, and there was nothing he could do to become one. Kennedy discounted that problem, assuring Bowles that he was the strongest asset the administration had in those three crucial regions of the world and that he was indispensable. When he learned that Bowles had agreed to the shift, the President (who, Sorensen says, "looked with some amusement on my assignments as a missionary to liberals,") congratulated him: "Good job, Ted—that was your best work since the Michigan delegation."

Raze the Titanic

The record shows that most of the thinking about changes in the State Department focused on how to get "action," not on what the action should be. The inertia, the almost feudal division of power among the regional bureaus, the tendency to support the status quo were indeed built-in, long-standing problems. John and Robert Kennedy had been brought up by their father to look down on these aspects of the department. When he heard his sons talking about their plans for its reform, Joseph Kennedy told them he had heard much the same kind of talk from Franklin Roosevelt. "He lamented the State Department. He talked about razing the whole thing and starting from scratch. He didn't do a damn thing about it, and neither are you."

With the State Department shake-up, Joe Kennedy's sons thought they were finally taking control. But, as Schlesinger notes, they were soon complaining that "nothing improved." Sorensen conceded that "even after the personnel changes" it was never clear to the President "who was in charge, who was clearly delegated to do what, and why his own policy seemed consistently to be altered or evaded." One reason was that neither the Secretary nor, with Bowles gone, the undersecretary was deeply committed to what the President probably meant by his "policy line." Another was that the President was so preoccupied with short-gap expedients that his longer-range policy line was not very clear.

One bright spot emerged: Averell Harriman. His success threw light on Bowles's failure. Deaf and in his 71st year, he was nevertheless able to work with Kennedy better than anyone else in the Department, and was more successful than any other Kennedy man in changing department policy.

"I've learned," he said later, "that you have a split second" when the President is looking around the room at a time of decision. "You can't wait." With admiration, Schlesinger described how the wise old man would seize those split seconds, and if he dissented, would say so in a few blunt sentences. "Mouth open, and I bite," said Harriman. The White House nickname for Harriman was "the crocodile."

In contrast to Harriman, Bowles was not only prone to longer exploration of issues, but to long explanations. Kenneth Galbraith, then ambassador to India, thought that Bowles's trouble was his "uncontrollable" instinct for persuasion, which he brings to bear on the persuaded, the unpersuaded, and the totally irredeemable alike." Kennedy could not stand hearing something he thought he already knew. He also disliked discussion of principles and morality, which he considered appropriate for the public platform, not for the inner councils of state. Unlike most of the witty people around Kennedy, Bowles did not cover his convictions with a veneer of cynicism. There was hardly any discrepancy between what he said in public and what he said in private.

Born with the idea of a republic in his head, Bowles was one of Mark Twain's true Connecticut Yankees. Put him down in Cuba or Indochina and his moral compass would swing around and say no to military intervention. Kennedy was skeptical of such a compass. With his Irish and Catholic roots, Kennedy saw the world as tragic and comic. Bowles was ever an optimistic Unitarian and liberal humanist.

For those of a tragic persuasion, it was easy to smile at Bowles's unshakable faith in democracy and progress. Because his convictions led him to focus on what people thought and felt, he had the ability that Castro said was missing in "imperialists": Bowles was able to assess more accurately the prospects for a revolution against Castro and the power of nationalism than those who concentrated mainly on military factors. In the 20 years after World War II, half the people of the world

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Bowles complained, 'I don't know of anyone who has come to Washington asking for arms who didn't go home with more than he expected to get.'

had changed their form of government even though the conventional forms of power—weapons, troops, industrial production, technology, communications, and the political apparatus—were on the side of the status quo. Citing Gandhi's India, Mao's China, and Castro's Cuba, Bowles argued that material power was likely to come out second-best in a contest with ideas which move men to great efforts and sacrifice. In the National Security Council, under Kennedy as under Eisenhower, the dominant voices seemed always to be asking cynically, like Stalin, "But how many divisions has the Pope?" Yet on issue after issue Bowles turned out to have been more realistic than the realists.

In 1962 and early 1963, as the President's Special Representative and Adviser on Asian, African, and Latin American Affairs, Bowles tried to challenge the shared assumptions of the set around Kennedy and lift sights from short-range expediencies.

On military aid, Bowles sought to persuade the Shah of Iran and Emperor Haile Selassie to cease their military buildup and concentrate resources on economic and social development. However, the Pentagon continued to offer them planes and guns. The President seemed to agree with Bowles, but the flow of arms was not checked. "Any thought that this Administration is tough-minded in the administration of our military assistance program is a serious mistake," Bowles wrote. "I do not know of any national leader who has come to Washington and asked for arms who has not gone home with more than he expected to get, regardless of the legitimacy of his claim."

Bowles urged a "two nation" policy for China and Taiwan. The President expressed interest, and for a time supported the idea of offering to sell wheat to China. However, it became clear that any relaxation of the policy of hostility toward the Peking government would have to await a resounding reelection victory in 1964.

On Vietnam, for a while, Bowles thought his influence—along with that of the more commanding General Douglas MacArthur, whose support he had enlisted—might count with the President. During the 1950s, Bowles had developed a surprising accord with MacArthur on Asian policies, and he was hopeful that the General's visits with Kennedy in 1961 would strengthen the President's resistance to further military involvement in Vietnam. Robert Kennedy, who heard the General, seemed to take seriously MacArthur's warning that "we would be foolish to fight on the Asiatic continent and that the future of Southeast Asia should be determined at the diplomatic table." Maxwell Taylor noted that it made "a hell of an impression on the President... so that whenever he'd get this military advice from the Joint Chiefs or from me or anyone else, he'd say, 'Well, now, you gentlemen, you go back and convince General MacArthur, then I'll be convinced.'"

But in fact it was Maxwell Taylor who was in the ascendancy, due in large part to Robert Kennedy's enthusiasm for the former war hero, after whom he named his newborn son. In April 1961, when the Pentagon had wanted to send 3,600 combat troops to Vietnam, the President had compromised on 100 military advisers and 400 Green Berets. As the Defense chiefs

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pressed for more in the fall of 1961, the President sent Taylor and Walt Rostow, both known to be strong advocates of counter-insurgency, on an investigating mission to Vietnam. "There are limits to the number of defeats I can defend in one 12-month period," the President explained to Galbraith, who also opposed escalation. "I've had the Bay of Pigs and pulling out of Laos, and I can't accept a third."

Taylor and Rostow returned with recommendations for the immediate dispatch of American helicopters, B-26s, military advisers, training experts, and some 8,000 regular ground troops, and accepted the possibility that as many as six full divisions, or 200,000 men, might eventually be required. Bowles renewed his proposal for an internationally guaranteed neutralization.

The alternatives were actively argued within the State Department and the White House. The President seemed to consider neutralization a good goal, but one for which the time was not ripe. The President decided to go the military route, but only partway: he would increase the number of U.S. military advisers and the counter-insurgent Green Berets, but not, for the present, introduce regular combat troops. The dominant view was that "the Communists must be taught a lesson."

In May 1962, as American casualties began to mount, Bowles returned from a visit to Southeast Asia and urged the President to undertake an "agonizing reappraisal." He pleaded with Kennedy to spell out in a major address a comprehensive proposal for peace, independence, neutralization, and economic development of the whole region. This time, the President not only agreed that the time was ripe for such a move, but seemed enthusiastic. Bowles was asked to draft a "Peace Charter for Southeast Asia" and to visit capitals in the region to secure advance support. Bowles expected opposition from the military, CIA, and parts of the State Department, but thought the President was finally committed to the peace effort.

Then, shortly before Bowles was to depart for Asia, a State Department memorandum directly attacked the new approach as "unrealistic, impractical and premature." It closed with the proposition that was to become the official American dogma for the next six years: "The primary problem we must recognize is that the Hanoi Government has not yet been given adequate reason to call off its aggression in South Vietnam." In response, Bowles predicted that if we did nothing to achieve a negotiated peace, "we may be forced within the next year or so to choose between committing more and more American troops and material. . . or withdrawing in embarrassed frustration."

On the ground that the timing seemed "inopportune," Rusk decided to delay the Bowles mission from September to October. By October, the Cuban missile crisis prevented its consideration. In November, the future Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staffs, General Earle Wheeler, declared that "the essence of the problem in Vietnam is military," and further escalation was under way. In the spring of 1963, Bowles wrote Kennedy on Vietnam once more, saying he hesitated "to play the role of Cassandra again," but "if this course is pursued, the Southeast Asia situation will ultimately have a serious impact on the Administration's position at home and abroad." He recalled the costly, losing French effort to defeat Ho Chi Minh in the early 1950s, opposition to which had first brought Kennedy and Bowles together, and said:

"Nine years have passed and now it is we who appear to be striving, in defiance of powerful indigenous political and military forces, to insure the survival of an unpopular Vietnamese regime with inadequate roots among the people. And now, as in 1954, many able U.S. military authorities are convinced that the situation is moving in our favor and that victory can be foreseen within two to three years. I wonder if these assurances are not based on a dangerously false premise, i.e., that the Communists will not embarrass us by upping the military ante."

Visiting Vietnam again in the summer of 1963, Bowles was so disturbed by what he saw that he sent a private cable to the President urging him to send someone in whom he had personal confidence to make a fresh and independent analysis. High-level meetings were held on Bowles's cable, but nothing came of it. In his notebook, Bowles predicted that for our failure in Vietnam we would "pay a heavy price."

No one enjoys a Cassandra, and it became clear that Kennedy did not welcome Bowles's voice in his inner councils. In December 1962 Bowles had written the

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President that he wanted to resign his post because of the continued domination of foreign policy by European-oriented people who gave no priority to "outlying areas" where most of the human race lives. "Over and over again," Bowles said, "we have passed up opportunities to take the initiative and to help shape the course of events—rather than be controlled by them." In response, while persuading Bowles to become once again ambassador to India, Kennedy said the record would show that he had come down on Bowles's side of the intra-administration debates more often than not. Bowles agreed that "when forced to act in response to specific crises, we have often ended up at the last minute doing the right thing—thanks largely to your own personal insights." But he asked why it had to be like a Western movie in which the bad guys seemed to be winning until the last moment, when the tables suddenly turned and the President saved the day.

Complex Hero

Bowles does not emerge as a pure hero. When he had the chance, in a critical National Security Council meeting on the Bay of Pigs, he didn't speak up and fight; he decided to wait. And he did not later demand to see Kennedy to make his case; the President could not have refused him a hearing, if he had used his political capital for the purpose, instead of sending Rusk into battle armed with a memorandum. From years of working with Bowles, I believe he had an unwarranted inferiority complex about his own education that inhibited him in dealing with the best-educated and brightest of the Kennedy circle. He had gone to the former Sheffield Scientific School at Yale and always regretted not having taken the full liberal arts program. Instead of going to graduate or professional school, he went into the advertising business, aiming to make a million dollars and enter public service. Although he was phenomenally successful, he was always embarrassed about his business background. He was never at his best with Kennedy and his men. With them, as David Halberstam put it, he became "a curiously heavy figure," and knowing that he was not as facile as the lean, swift men around Kennedy, he "became even more awkward."

Nevertheless, Kennedy's inability to bring out the best and draw on the wisdom of Bowles was the President's loss. That he could not get the benefit of such a mind, that it took man-eating sharks and crocodiles to get through to him, demonstrated a flaw in the President's own intelligence at least as great as the failure of the outside intelligence provided him by the CIA, the Pentagon, or the State Department. He badly needed someone close to him who had "a basic moral reference point." But in the summer of 1963 he sent Bowles into exile, as ambassador to India.

After Nixon's election, Bowles resigned, and, in his last months of good health, wrote his memoirs. At a State Department ceremony in July 1969, he was given the Award for Distinguished Service, and the former Secretary of State gave the last toast. Dean Rusk spoke graciously of the freshness of Bowles's mind and the fact that he had more ideas in a day than most people have in a year. "Chet Bowles," said Rusk, "has contributed many ideas which are now an integral part of American foreign policy. In regard to the many more ideas of his which were not accepted—only the historians can determine who was right and who was wrong."

Last Hallucinations

In the 1970s, Bowles became increasingly disabled with Parkinson's disease. In 1978 Indian Prime Minister Morarji Desai went to Bowles's home on the banks of the Connecticut River to pay a special tribute. "Chet, you are the best," he said. "Of all the ambassadors America will ever send, you are the best." By then Bowles was barely able to speak audibly, an ironic fate for someone so often criticized for talking too much. Under heavy medication, he had two recurring hallucinations. One was that dark-skinned Third World people were chasing him because their revolution had gone wrong. The other was that lawyers and experts, like those who had dominated the State Department, were surrounding him and driving him into a corner in his own living room. "You know, they are 80-percent right in their facts," Bowles mustered the strength to whisper to his daughter Sally, "but in the end they're wrong." ■

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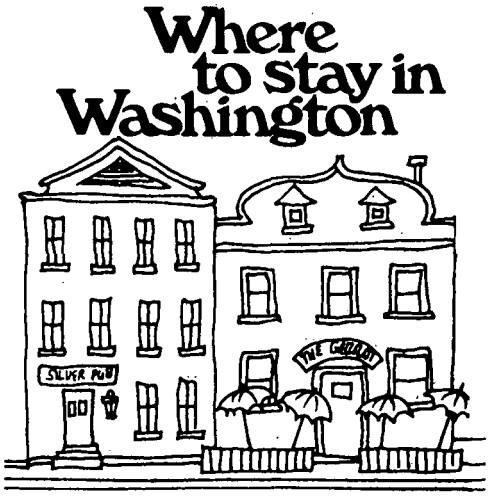

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Escaping to your room, you can relax with a closed-circuit movie on your TV or puzzle over the choice of soaps (Neutrogena, deodorant, French-perfumed) waiting in the shower. Then there are the pools, both for sunning and swimming and for having a light lunch on the terrace. Restaurants range from the high-priced Americus ($19.50 for buffalo loin) to the Courtyard Cafe on the atrium, the 20th Century (gourmet cafeteria-style), and L'Express for a quick stand-up breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, or evening drink. The Early Light offers disco music from 8 p.m. into the small hours.

For the rest of this year, rates for both the Wardman and Park Towers are: Singles, $48-$80 (depending on the size of the room and state of refurbishment); doubles, $63-$95; one-bedroom suites, $140-$235; two-bedroom suites, $220-$315. Additional persons in room, $15 each; children under 18 free. Discounts for government employees, senior citizens, students, teachers, and groups. Weekend package plans are available. Overnight parking, $4.00.

Shoreham, 2500 Calvert Street, N.W., (202) 234-0700, (800) 228-2121. Just across the street from the Sheraton, the Shoreham approaches its 50th year in a spirit of comparative restraint, resisting the urge to become glassified and marbled. The hotel has 20 meeting rooms and a ballroom, and you can choose between two restaurants: the expensive Bombay Bicycle Club, which works hard at recalling the days of empire (dinner only), or Cafe Expresso, more moderately priced and open for all three meals. Political satirist Mark Russell won local fame at the hotel years ago and continues to appear regularly in the Marquee Lounge, managing to be funny about today's politics, which takes some doing. Other diversions include three lighted tennis courts, a sauna, and an outdoor pool. The 750 rooms are large, and some suites have kitchens and balconies big enough to lounge on and enjoy a view of the joggers punishing themselves in Rock Creek Park. Singles, $66-$90; doubles, $78-$102; one-bedroom suites, $125-$175; two-bedroom, $161-$259. Directly connected to the main hotel and right by the parking lot ($4 overnight) is the motor inn, a recent addition with contemporary-style rooms at $75-$80 for singles and $87-$92 for doubles. Additional persons in room, $10 each; children under 14 free. Discounts and package rates available.

—*Carol Trueblood*

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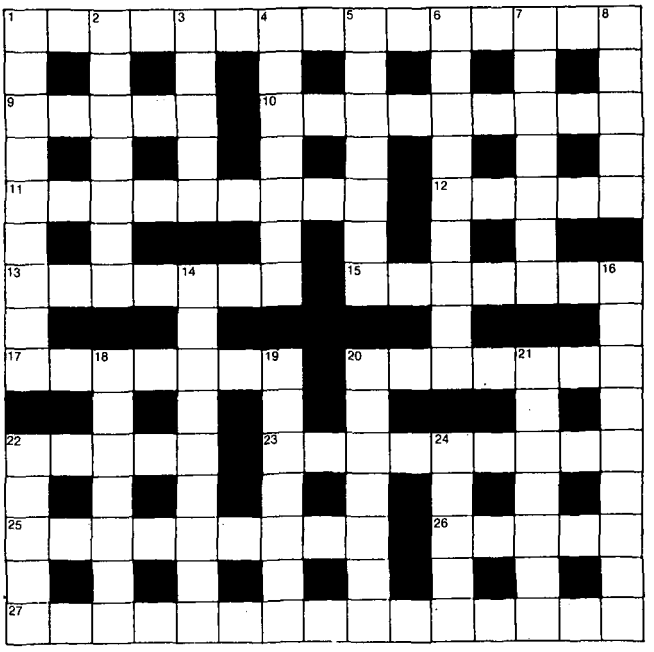
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.

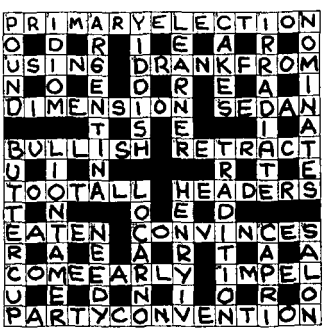
ACROSS

1 "Castro dated Babe" confused quadrennial TV feature. (6,9)
9 March backwards conjunction in pot. (5)
10 Lacking in will? (9)
11 Bizarre Pecci coat has fortuitous effect. (9)
12 Wildly ogled rustic inn. (5)
13 Formal dresser reborne in reverse. (7)
15 Study in secular is unemotional. (7)
17 No grist for a mill but a warehouse, maybe. (7)
20 Sneer at confused Oriental. (7)
22 Take the shuttle train inside. (5)
23 Meet a pig carrying wet back inside. (9)
25 One mind is made up for size. (9)
26 Little bird article can be powerful one. (5)
27 Quadrennial cries about pagan lass coming. (8,7)

DOWN

1 Ted's reach entwined the separators. (9)
2 Second-stringer a mistake? (7)
3 The subject is intricate picot stitch. (5)
4 Second-rater is sore? (7)
5 Physical sight around Capitol. (7)
6 Forces out, claps, dies writhing. (9)
7 Leave a degree and in operation. (7)
8 It brings me back in the subject. (5)
14 A tin brain can be made to follow rule. (9)
16 Scant tons not normally things to count on. (9)
18 Up to 2001 somehow is the best. (7)
19 Make pig grin about complaint. (7)
20 Former lodgings sited at the limits? (7)
21 Choose sun god for classic figure. (7)
22 Somehow idiotic is it not to make kind of salt. (5)
24 Sloppy comparison causes a riot. (5)

Answers to June's puzzle:



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political book notes

Public Affairs books to be published in July and August

Assassination on Embassy Row. *John Dinges, Saul Landau. Pantheon, $11.95.*

Atomic Soldiers: American Victims of Nuclear Experiments. *Howard Rosenberg. Beacon, $11.95.*

Carter vs. Ford: The Counterfeit Debates of 1976. *Lloyd Bitzer, Theodore Rueter. Wisconsin, $27.50.* The 1976 "debates" were merely modified press conferences, not much more than the raw footage for TV commercials. The format—a panel of journalists asking the candidates questions—precluded real debate, and Carter and Ford never faced each other head-on. Although this was probably deliberate, the authors make a case that future presidential debates should omit the third party.

For Bitzer and Rueter, the advantages of double authorship are obvious. One typed, the other counted. They have transformed the presidential debates into a numbers game. Thus: "Inspection of the argumentative units in all speeches indicates that Carter was responsible for 129 units and Ford for 89 units. Furthermore, Carter held the advantage in each debate: in the first, 41 to 32; in the second, 44 to 28; and in the third, 44 to 29." A ringside announcer who tried this technique on a boxing match would lose his microphone privileges. Too bad the same restraints don't apply to publishing. *—Leslie Gell*

Energy Policy and Public Administration. *George K. Lagassa, Gregory A. Daneke, eds. Lexington, $29.95.* Energy is the moral equivalent of a gold mine for the publish-or-perish set, offering endless opportunities for case studies, statistical regurgitations, multiple regression analyses, and other cerebral calisthenics. Although there are some interesting essays here, the book is ultimately only a reflection of the current inconclusive state of the energy debate. The book attempts to tackle some of the problems posed by trying to achieve an energy "mix"—such as tying backyard producers of electricity into regional power grids—but it lacks any strategy for propelling public officials into making the hard choices necessary for a coherent policy. *—Frank Bowman*

European Labor Relations. *Thomas Kennedy. Lexington, $29.95.* Based on Harvard Business School course material, this book has the scent of formaldehyde. You won't find here any hint that European workers are human beings burdened by frustrations and agitated by expectations. What you'll find are desiccated essays wrapped in marginally useful statistics and carefully hedged conclusions, some of which are already out of date. Kennedy says, for example, that American workers, unlike Europeans, have no interest in being represented on the boards of the companies they work for. The source for this claim is a 1976 speech by an AFL-CIO vice president, a species of labor leader not known for keeping close tabs on rank-and-file thinking. Similarly, the book coughs up the standard line on such things as the remarkable peacefulness of German labor relations without noting one of the principal reasons: that so many "German" workers are migrant Yugoslavs, Italians, Turks and others who can't afford to be feisty.

—Thomas N. Bethell

Explaining America. *Garry Wills. Doubleday, $14.95.*

The Fish is Red: The Story of the Secret War Against Castro. *Warren Hinckle, William Turner. Times, $12.95.*

Friendly Fascism: The New Face of Power in America. *Bertram Gross. Evans, $15.*

Human Scale. *Kirkpatrick Sale. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $14.95.* Twice in the past five years Kirkpatrick Sale has come up with profound ideas for books, only to muff the execution. *Power Shift* was one of the first sustained discussions of the economic and political shift from Snowbelt to Sunbelt, but he often trailed off into wise-guy remarks about Bebe Rebozo. This time, his subject is at least as important—the pathology of bigness in government, business, education, the use of resources—and his handling is as disappointing. Maybe he should be an idea man for a publishing house, where he could assign others to develop the fine notions he comes up with.

—James Fallows

Looking at Schools: Good, Bad, and Indifferent. *Edward A. Wynne. Lexington, $22.95.*

Lyndon. *Merle Miller. Putnam, $17.95.*

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The New Senate: Liberal Influence on a Conservative Institution. *Michael Foley. Yale, $17.95.*

The Nine Nations of North America. *Joel Garreau. Houghton Mifflin, $12.95.*

Nuclear Nightmares. *Nigel Calder. Viking, $10.95.* The author, Britain's version of Carl Sagan, sets out to describe (in common-sense terms rather than Pentagon megababble) how nuclear war might happen. The first of his nightmares is the notion of "limited" nuclear war—the Pentagon's claim that the U.S. and U.S.S.R. could blast away at each other's military targets while sparing civilians. Calder points out that U.S. nuclear-alert plans call for dispersing bombers to municipal airports. To hit them, the Russians would have to take out places like O'Hare. So much for civilians.

Looking at places where Armageddon might begin, Calder fears especially for Europe. NATO countries find it easier to defend themselves with H-bombs than with troops. The bombs could stop Russian invaders, but the plan has a built-in fallacy: to stop an invasion, Europe would have to destroy itself. The Russians, Calder points out, could accept that—after all, they don't want to live in Bonn or Paris, they just want the threat eliminated. Thus, during any European ground war, NATO would want the U.S. dragged in immediately, to carry the nuclear exchange beyond Europe. Sooner or later, in other words, the best-laid plans for containment have a way of rupturing.

Even after working his way through the burgeoning prospects for an accidental war, Calder doesn't flatly abandon hope. He wants to lower the risk of war but, sadly, many of his recommendations have been tried before in other situations with glum results. He says, for example, that any non-nuclear nation contemplating acquisition of nuclear weapons "must expect to be disgraced in the eyes of men of prudence." *That'll* stop 'em cold in Johannesburg.

Instead of limiting tests of nuclear warheads, Calder proposes limiting tests of the missiles that carry them. These could be easily monitored, since the firing of a missile is a wholly public act. Test-launch limits would impede development of new missiles like our MX and their SS-20. It could make generals much less eager to find out, the hard way, if the missiles need repairs.

It's a good idea, one that should be pursued, but it won't lead us out of the valley of shadows. The missiles won't rot. They'll sit there, smooth and heartless, waiting patiently for the final command.

What *will* rot is brains. Striving to be warm-hearted, too many educated Americans still refuse to think about the inevitability of nuclear defense and its specific flaws. They prefer to

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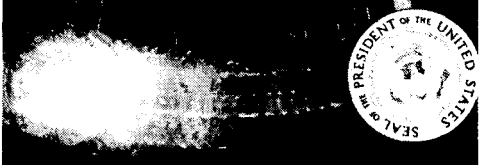
By James David Barber



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change the subject. Nuclear generals can advance mad schemes because so few of us will enter their world and challenge them on their own terms. The final war can't be studied afterward. For those who know they must learn about it now, Calder's book is an excellent place to start. —*Gregg Easterbrook*

Of Kennedys and Kings. *Harris Wofford. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.50.* An excerpt appears on page 46 of this issue.

Palace Politics: The Presidency of Gerald R. Ford. *Robert T. Hartmann. McGraw-Hill, $14.95.* The author's thesis is that Ford was destroyed by Nixon holdovers. He points out that as late as May 1975 only ten of the 66 top members of the White House staff were men who had previously been associated with Ford. There are a couple of catches to this thesis. One of Hartmann's main villains, David Gergen, could hardly be called a Nixon loyalist, since Hartmann joins John Dean in identifying him as Deep Throat. And the blackest villain of them all in Hartmann's book, Richard Cheney (Hartmann's kindest words for him are "low-keyed nonentity") was not a Nixon man but a protege of Donald Rumsfeld.

—*Charles Peters*

The Poisoning of Michigan. *Joyce Egginton. Norton, $13.95.* In 1973, a handful of bags containing milky chemicals lay in a cattle-feed mixing plant in central Michigan. The feed-mixers thought it was magnesium oxide, a harmless digestive aid for cows. In fact, the mislabeled sacks contained polybrominated biphenyls, a fire retardant. The PBBs were mixed with feed; in a few months, farm animals all over the state were dying. But the damange didn't stop there. PBBs, which cause cancer, belong to a family of chemicals that are almost indestructible. Sunlight, acidic rain, digestive juices, cellular enzymes, and all of nature's other defenses against chemical intruders do not affect this synthetic compound. The PBBs climbed up the food chain into anyone who ate Michigan farm products; it is believed that, before the poisoning was finally diagnosed and 35,000 cattle were slaughtered and buried, the chemicals infested nine million people.

Their final toll will not be known for decades, since no one knows what a cancer-causing dose of PBBs is. But their presence in the environment can never be revoked. When they sat in sacks on the feed-lot floor, they were harmless and easily managed. Loose in the environment, they can no more be recalled than snowflakes can be returned to a cloud.

Egginton does a strong, if workmanlike, job of reporting this inadvertent assault on Michigan's health. But far more frightening than the PBBs and the oafs who released them is the response of government. Egginton documents month after endless month of delay and indecision on the part of state and federal agencies. "All the relevant institutions of democracy failed," she says. "They worked against the public good—not out of malice, but because this was an event outside their experience and budgets." —*G.E.*

Political Benefits. *Barry S. Rundquist. Lexington, $26.95.* People who think single-issue politics is a creature of our own times will find this book instructive. Nearly a century ago, Republicans used Civil War veterans' pensions to build a potent political machine (28 years after Appomattox, veterans' pensions accounted for 42 percent of the federal budget). Salient points like this can be found in this dry, dull collection of essays, but it's hard work. Aside from its style, the book's key flaw is the absence of any study of the bureaucracy's influence on the "political benefits" of government programs.

—*Robert Jacobi*

Radical Principles: Reflections of an Unreconstructed Democrat. *Michael Walzer. Basic, $12.95.*

Russia and the United States: U.S.-Soviet Relations from the Soviet Point of View. *Nikolai V. Sivachev, Nikolai N. Yakovlev. Univ. of Chicago, $5.95.* Roosevelt was complex and not to be trusted. America's preoccupation with human rights led to a deplorable change in American-Soviet relations. One of

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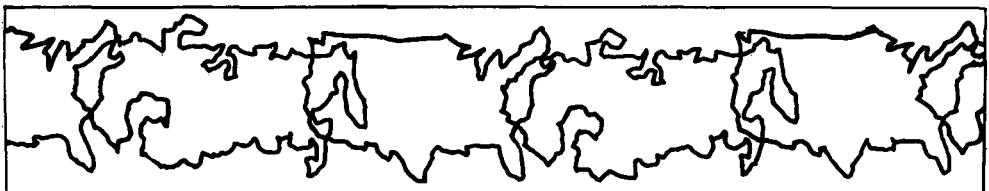

THE United States emerged at the end of World War II brimming with self-confidence and with the respect and admiration of the peoples of the world. Today, 35 years later, we and the alliance we have led are in trouble. During these years the idea that has dominated our national purposes and our definition of ourselves as a people has been the leadership of the "free world" against Russian aggression. Unfortunately our strategies for implementing this idea at the center of our post war conception of the world have so often ended in failure, as they did most conspicuously in Viet Nam and in Iran, that we are becoming bewildered. It is hard to understand what went wrong. **THE UNITED STATES & THE SOVIET UNION: The Decision to Recognize** was written as an attempt to answer this question.

THE author was a soldier of the mid-1960's who thought the Vietnamese War to be the right course long after the public mood had begun to sour. But the disaster dragged on too long for a government incapable of offering its people a coherent explanation. Drawn to reading everything available in an effort to understand why the country was caught in such a self-destructive vortex, he could not find an explanation for misjudgments of the magnitude that had led to Viet Nam. Eventually he began to visit the National Archives to read the original documents.

THIS book is the result of five years of research and writing at nights and on weekends. It is the first comprehensive history of an event that was not only a turning point in the relationship between the countries, but also one that holds within it an explanation of why the fear of Russia was substituted at the heart of our culture for a faith in the United States. It is also a fascinating and quick paced account of the inner workings of our government's decision making. Drawing from many previously unexamined sources, the book includes excerpts from documents that a reader would not ordinarily have the opportunity to encounter. If you never read another book on Soviet-American relations and you want to understand the context in which American foreign policy disasters are created, you must read:

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change in American-Soviet relations. One of the two countries has consistently failed to exploit the opportunities for constructive change. Guess which one.

The two Soviet historians who wrote this book should have no fear of being summarily shipped off to oblivion. But their book, however flawed, has significance because it represents a comprehensive and apparently sincere expression of the Soviet view.

—*Jo Ann Spanbauer*

Russia From the Inside. *Robert G. Kaiser, Hannah Jopling Kaiser. Dutton, $17.95.*

The Sweetest Little Club in the World: The U.S. Senate. *Louis Hurst, Frances Spatz Leighton. Prentice-Hall, $12.95.*

Thunder on the Right: The "New Right" and the Politics of Resentment. *Alan Crawford. Pantheon, $12.95.* A traditional conservative (Burke to Buckley) would seek to preserve institutions of government, filter public opinion through the political hierarchy, and protect the thoughtful minority from the howling mob. Alan Crawford thinks the New Right *is* the mob, howling for Proposition 13-style referenda and anti-gay-rights ordinances.

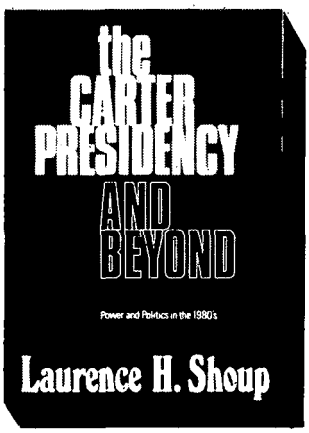
A political platform becomes a menace when it exploits fear and anger, and the danger increases exponentially with the availability of organization and financing. Crawford worries about Richard Viguerie's ability to reach ten percent of the total population with his carefully targeted direct-mail drives. He worries about the New Right's "Old West" image (created in the suburbs of Washington) which casts New Righters as stand-ins for Clint Eastwood, symbolically guarding our frontiers (Panama) from subversives and fighting for macho legislation to help the Pentagon and hurt the advocates of gun control. While the men are out on the ramparts, their women (Schlafly, Bryant) protect the hearth from permissive textbooks, abortion, ERA, and marauding bands of homosexuals. In this they have the important support of the electronic church, whose fundamentalist ministers now reach 100 million Americans every week with messages more political than religious.

The more Democratic votes Reagan gets in November, the more Crawford's analysis will be worth studying. But he thinks Reagan would disappoint the New Righters almost immediately, because they're impossibly inflexible and "never retrieve their wounded." The New Righters are fixated on simple slogans designed to attract urban Catholics, born-again Protestants, Wallaceites, Jews resentful of blacks, and anyone else who suspects that society's elites are controlling his life. The weapons of the New Right are drawn from modern armories—mass media and mass marketing—but those weapons are to be used for something ageless and fearsome: class warfare —*Pat Martin*

Women's Organizations' Use of the Courts. *Karen O'Connor. Lexington, $18.95.* Can a book so clumsily titled be interesting? Yes, but this one isn't. The raw material is the stuff of excitement, but the author has reduced it to academic mush. We are treated to long discourses on various litigation strategies, but the book never really addresses the question of whether litigation is the most productive way to advance the cause of women's rights.

There are a few welcome anecdotes—too few, unfortunately—about situations in which litigation went awry. After Susan B. Anthony defiantly cast a ballot in an election open only to males, it was discovered that the judge at her trial wrote his opinion before the case ever came to court. (He also instructed the jury to find her guilty.) He explained that this was his first criminal trial and he didn't want to be caught unprepared. Anthony's lawyer ignored her instructions and bailed her out of jail on the premise that prison was no place for a lady to spend the night. Chivalry and chauvinism have been tripping over each other ever since.

—*Donna Fenn*



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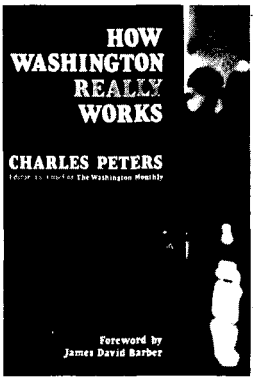

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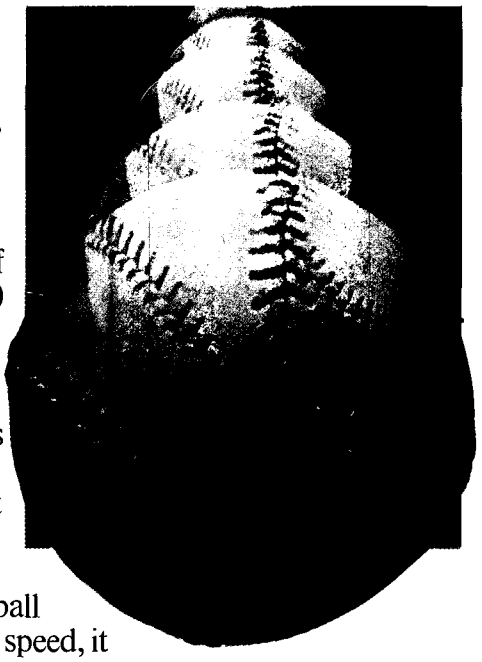
THE 100 MPH FASTBALL.



The baseball manager wants it.

So does the information systems manager.

What is it?

Speed.

The baseball manager dreams of finding a pitcher who can throw a 100 mile per hour fastball consistently. Because that fastball could mean more games in the 'win' column.

The information manager wants a computer that can do calculations in billionths of a second. Because that kind of speed could mean more productivity at lower cost.

Today, a good major league fastball pitcher can throw 94-98 mph. At that speed, it takes nearly half a second for the ball to reach the batter. In that flash of time, today's IBM 3033 computer can execute about 1½ million multiplications.

Someday, the 100 mph fastball will be a reality.

And someday, computers using circuits now in an experimental phase may be able to perform up to 40 million calculations in the time it takes that ball to reach the plate.

This is what we're working for at IBM—products that perform faster and are cheaper to use.

Innovation is increasing. Cost of computer use is decreasing. This adds up to more productivity for our customers.

And that's the best way to play the game. IBM®

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